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THE SPHERE, JULY 28, 1934
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVIII No. 1801 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 28 1934

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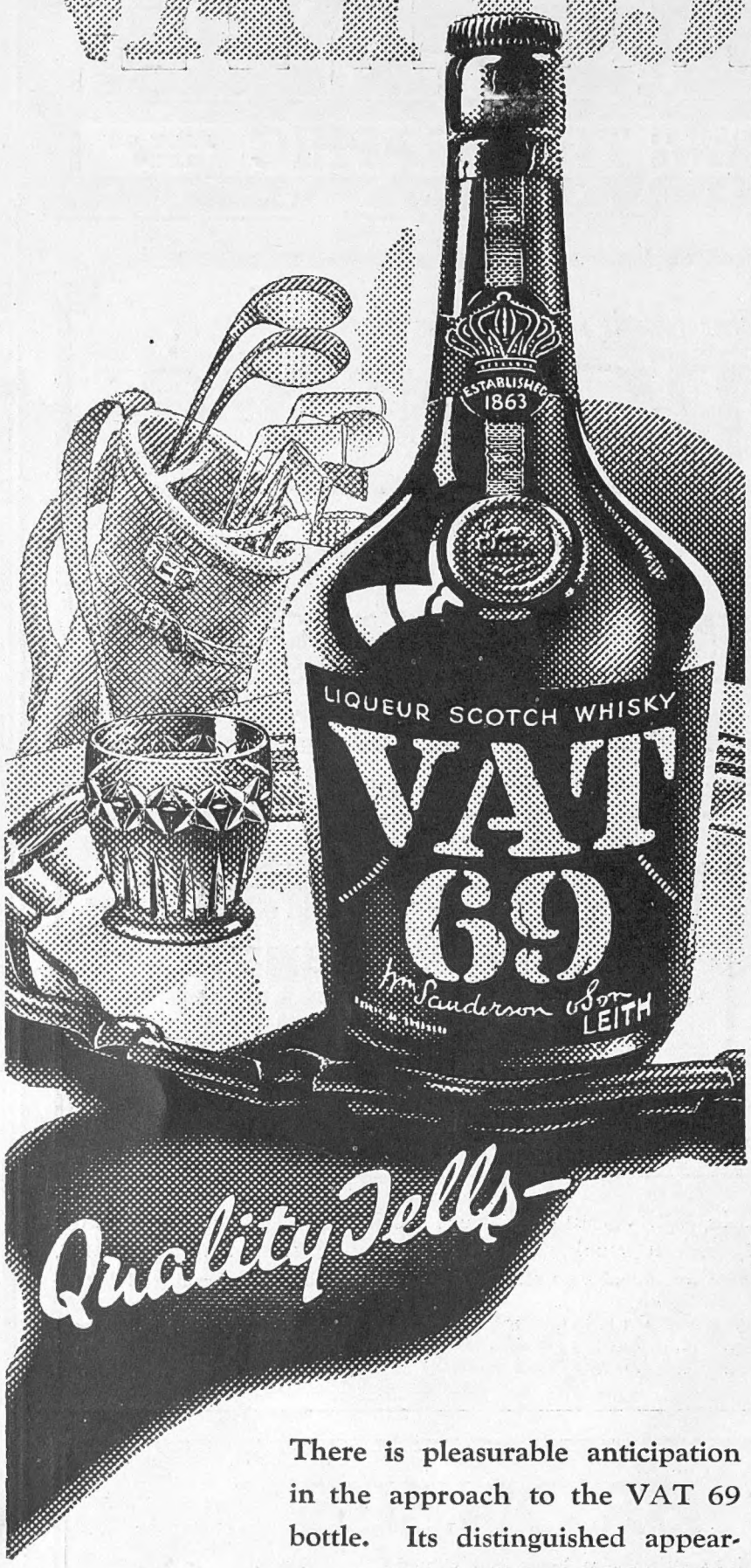

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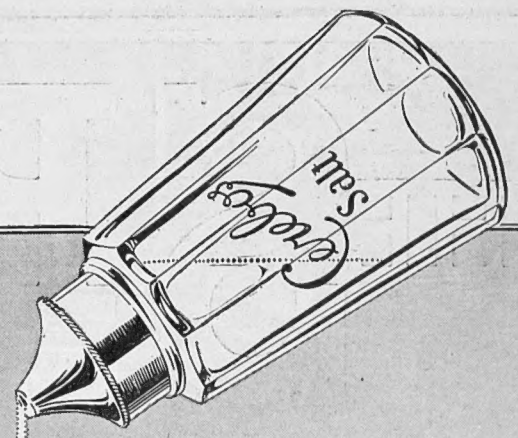

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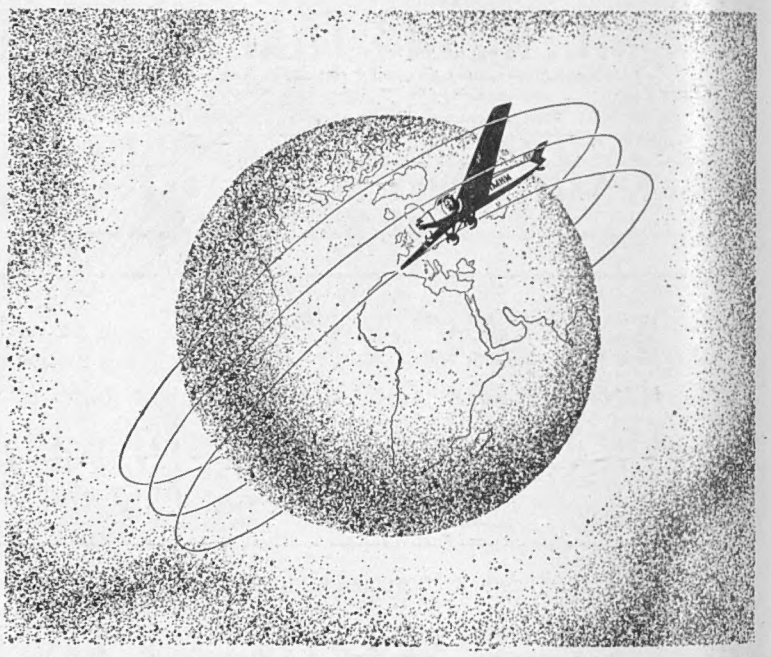

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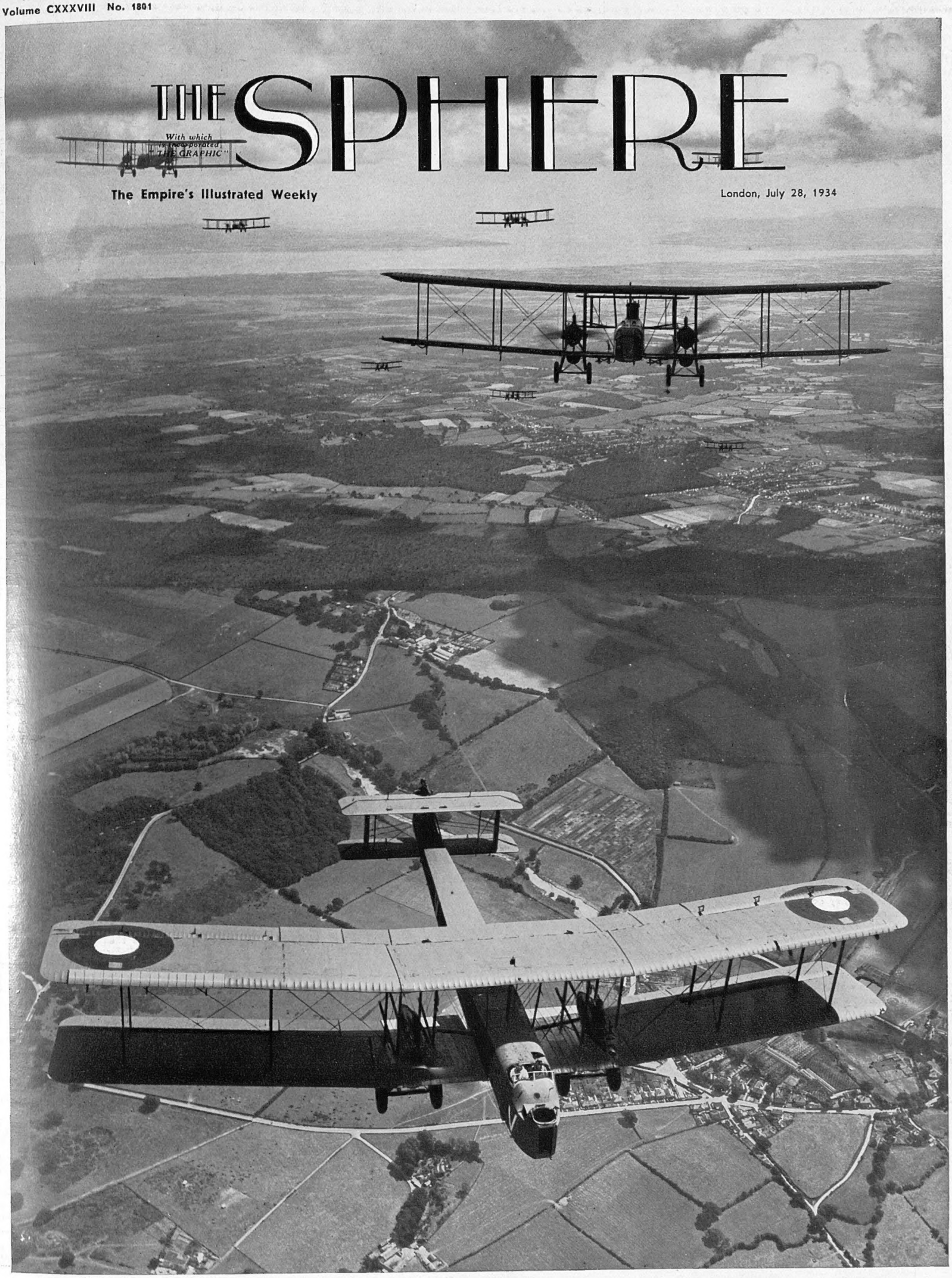
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, July 28, 1934



LONDON RAIDED

Giant Vickers Virginia Bombers Advancing to the Attack During this Week's Royal Air Force Exercises

On Monday evening and throughout the following night, 120 bombing planes attacked London, and 90 defending fighters, aided by anti-aircraft batteries, sought to destroy them in one of the greatest aerial mimic battles ever staged in this country. The engagement, which was designed to test the efficiency of London's defences, appeared to go in favour of the attackers who succeeded in "bombing" most of the selected targets, and who, in several cases, approached the Capital without being hindered. It was a strange coincidence that while the battle was taking place overhead, the Socialist Peers in the House of Lords were condemning the Government for its proposed expansion of the Air Force

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

AFTER HER ARDUOUS NORTHERN TOUR: The Queen receiving purses to aid the fund for the extension of the Mary Macarthur Holiday Home at Ongar, Essex. Her Majesty opened this home ten years ago

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, July 25, 1934.

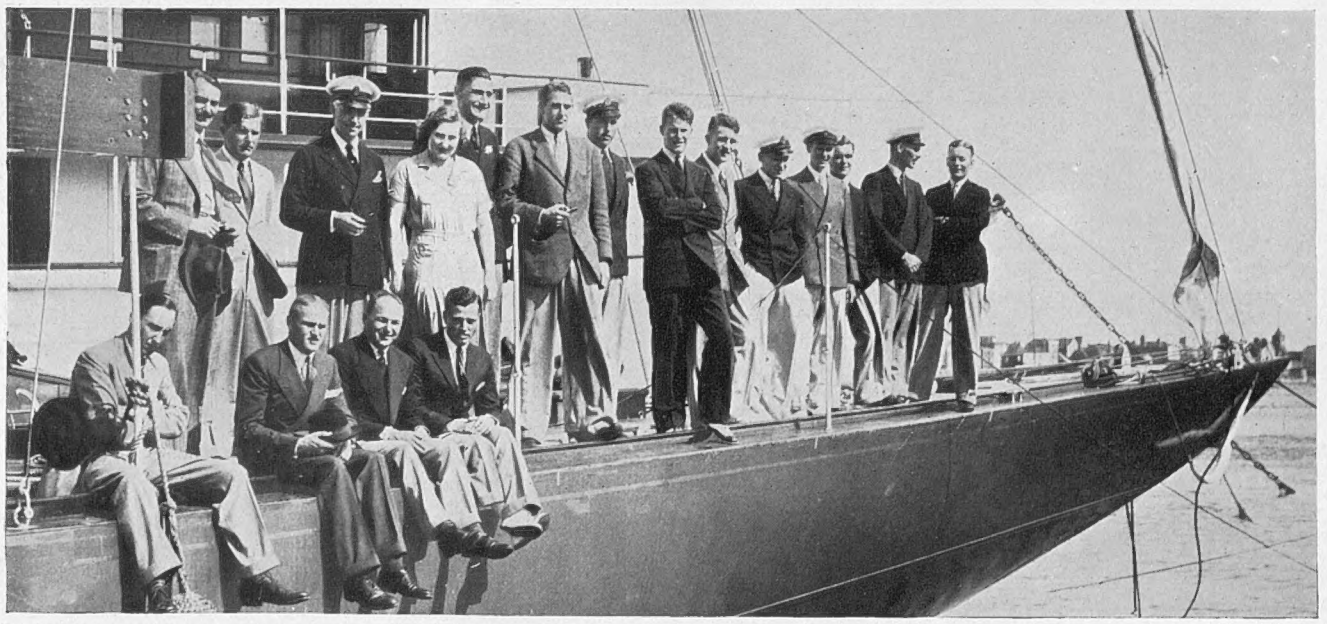
BRITAIN'S PROBLEMS.—

It positively makes me blush to speculate what the troubled nations think of us when they read (if they may read) our serious journals at the end of July. America, for instance, with her crippling strike and fearful problems, Germany (no need to catalogue her troubles), Austria, Russia, Spain, Poland and whatever other country may be in the van of trouble when these lines are printed. All these weary souls, if they would avoid madness, must avoid (as they would the plague) the correspondence columns of our great and respected institution—*The Times*. For here they would see whole columns thrown open to a serious symposium of peers, ex-Ministers of State, Speakers of the House of Commons and public men in every walk of life, arguing and studying with immense gravity how to make the national game of cricket a little more exciting to watch. And if that don't make a German of to-day go raving mad, a Russian scratch his head and turn Tartar, Mr. Roosevelt harden his heart anent War debts (and so on), I'm all at sea. Mind you, our "Silly Season" and all that it implies is still a great mystery to the rest of the world, in whose eyes we appear always to be on holiday, always playing games and in no need of a brief respite from work. More than this, even in England the ingenuity of the young gentlemen on the staff of *The Times*, who are charged with the duty of launching and keeping alive these spirited symposia on cricket reform, beer for breakfast, village rhymes, links with the past, and so on, is not fully appreciated. Briefly stated, the brain waves are merely a matter of seasonal routine.

I am not sure that the game of cricket should not rank among our greatest and most valuable national inventions. Nothing has done more to keep us sane and balanced, when everything conspires to make us swollen-headed; to retain our sense of proportion and humour in the teeth of a wicked campaign to make of us idols from common clay. The game is so great that it is incorruptible; its players are constantly put in their place by their master, the game. "You are only pawns, not knights, in a great game," it reminds them, as it skittles them off the board. Its latest reminder was made at Leeds.

"ENDEAVOUR'S" AMATEURS.—

The instrument by which it is hoped to achieve one more British "come-back" in sport is now on its way to the States across the waste of seas. *Endeavour* is on the Atlantic, and the bulk of her new amateur recruits are on the way over, also. The "financial misunderstanding" which created thirteen vacancies in the professional crew, has afforded a very interesting test of the value of a university training. Nearly all the vacancies, which Mr. Sopwith could have filled four times over, have been given to university men, not indeed on that account but on account of their yachting experience. There are rear-commodores of famous yacht clubs, experienced ocean-racers, and champions in every form of sailing from 12 square to 6 metre and dinghy. The first essential of the crew must be that every man exactly understands his duties, all the duties to which he may be called. The second is obviously discipline—that is, that having learned his duties so thoroughly that he can perform them automatically, he must be able to sink his individuality and become an automaton, instantly actuated by a word of command. It is one thing to sail your own boat across an ocean or to compete single-handed in a dinghy race. It is quite another to be one member of a large crew in a series of tests between two great yachts. Here what is required of a crew is familiarity with their ship, patient and thorough training together under every kind of conditions, and finally the discipline of a crack platoon of guardsmen. A university training makes for initiative, independence, and individuality. And the time is short. But for myself, I believe in the value of a university training, especially where a wide experience of the sea has been imposed on it.



BEFORE THE START: Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith (standing third from left) with his wife and members of the amateur crew who will sail his yacht, *Endeavour*, in the forthcoming races for the America's Cup. The yacht is now crossing the Atlantic

A LONDON NEW

HARDY ANNUALS AND BIENNIALS.—

Thus after two dry summers ex-Cabinet Ministers are forced into the field on the question of penalizing the batsman, and usually some glorious match (such as the late Kent v. Surrey, or Yorkshire v. Warwickshire struggle) sets the foolscap on their brows while yet they argue, and vindicates the great game as unchangeable and incorruptible. After a wet summer, these pundits of course come out with reminiscences of the batsmen of old and argue that Grace and Hayward left no heirs to their greatness. And as for the other famous subjects for argumentation, if you have access to the files, turn back a year or two, and discover how many of these bombshells are hardy annuals, which appear as punctually and regularly as raspberries succeeding to strawberries or peas to asparagus. That is the technique of the business for ever hidden from foreign eyes. The puzzle and the maddening irritation remain for them. The Englishman's life (*pace* its most sober and dependable journal) is one long holiday, relieved every July, August and half September with an intensive carnival campaign, nationally observed, during which no subject more serious than nursery rhymes or ball games may receive serious notice. Surely we deserve to be hated by the civilized world. For unquestionably we glory in the mystery we create and try by all means to keep it inviolate.

GOODWOOD.—

The most joyous of all race meetings, in the loveliest of the great private parks in West Sussex, is on us again. From the now democratized and commercialized "Trundle" you look south over Chichester Spire to the blue Solent and the Isle of Wight, and eastward down the green "straight" bordered by the birdless grove. Down, gorse, and beechclumps, and a wide sky delight your eye in every direction. It is a race meeting, great in every sense, and it reached its perfection through the experience and labours of each successive Duke since the Dukedom was re-created in favour of Charles II's son, and later joined with that of Gordon. But George Bentinck's labours must not be forgotten. In the country houses of the neighbourhood, such as Petworth and Up Park, are still stored away the correspondence between the Duke and his neighbours which initiated this famous meeting. To-day it is famous for its fine racing, its noble prizes, its delightful informality, and its incorrigible good nature. It is picnics and bowler hats and good fellowship all the time. Still this stronghold of old England is held by the owners of the five or six great estates which yield their acres so obstinately to the inevitable. Mr. Burrows' melancholy tale of a vanished era of large-scale land-ownership is contradicted in West Sussex. If the families have changed, the names and the estates have preserved their integrity. The Dukes of Richmond have continuously entertained for the meeting. So have the Dukes of Norfolk at Arundel and there are still Fetherstonhaughs at Sir Harry's Up Park.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE . . .—

Read what a century ago one of the greatest of all journalists wrote of the meeting. It was in 1828 when Bobadilla won for Lord Sefton who was established with his party at the famous *Dolphin* in Chichester. Creevey writes: "We left the *Dolphin* yesterday, exceedingly pleased with our *fare*, the expense of which my Lord thought 'not out of the way,' £40 . . . and as we brought away £700 that Bobadilla won us, it was all very well. The racecourse is the prettiest possible just outside of

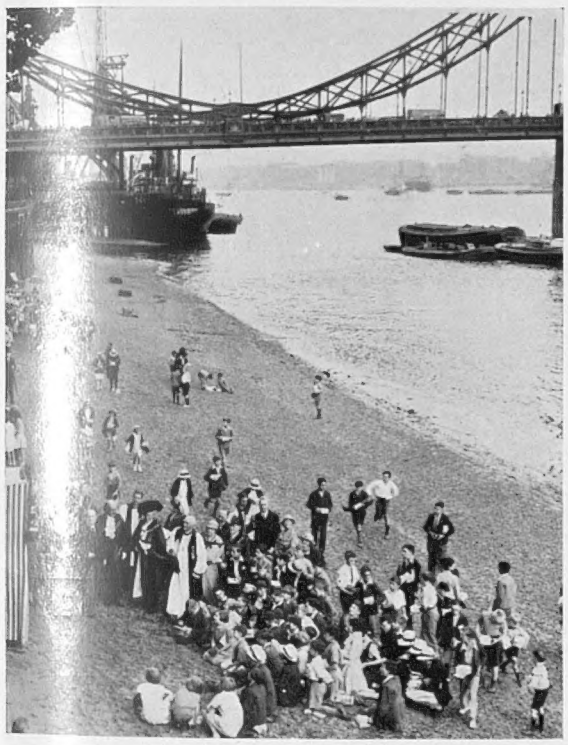
LETTER

the Park wall and a delightful cheerful commodious stand. . . . . This corner of Sussex is as desirable as any I know and Goodwood is the choicest spot; dry soil and down are first-rate ingredients with me; then the Park is very spacious, beautifully wooded, with every inequality and variety of ground, and commanding beautiful views of both *sea* and land. . . . . Here, of course, we had the contents of Goodwood and the neighbourhood which is well supplied with good company. Cowdray turned out a large party daily. . . . Poyntz himself was damned affable to me, and as for Walter Burrell and his rib, nothing will serve them but my coming to them on the 10th. . . . . Lord Charles Somerset from Goodwood was my constant playfellow in the stand and to-morrow he meets us at Petworth." Plus ça change. . . . . .

HIDDEN TREASURE.—

No evidence that in this overcrowded, opened-up land of ours there are still discoveries to be made and hidden treasure to be unearthed, fails to thrill me. There is no doubt for many a fierce thrill in the tardy discovery of the head of a "trunk victim." My

THE BISHOP OF LONDON DEDICATING THE TOWER BEACH AS A PLAYGROUND FOR CHILDREN: The foreshore is Crown property, but the King has given permission for it to be used, and arrangements have been made for a waterman to be present to ensure the safety of those playing there. *Left*—The Lord Mayor and the Bishop of London inspecting the beach



own interests are more gentle. I love to dwell on the possibilities of antiquarian or literary finds in the old brown earth of Britain or in the unexplored libraries and muniment rooms of ancient manors. I am always saying that new light may yet be shed on Shakespeare's identity. And now we learn that a new First Folio was recently sold from the library of "one of the oldest titled families in England," and, of course, acquired by New York. This library (whose identity is not closely veiled) stopped short in 1700 and has escaped the notice of bibliophiles. This First Folio also does not figure in the most authoritative census (Lee's). What is peculiarly exciting about it is that it was annotated by a student who may well have been alive when the original productions of the plays took place. His handwriting is of the time of Charles I. He makes several marginal "corrections"—none of them, I believe, of first-rate importance but not the less interesting. There are not many classic emendations of Shakespearian text. "'A babbled of green fields" (as a brilliant emendation of "A table of Greenfield's") is a rarity whether as an originality or correction. The vast bulk of improvements on Shakespeare are clumsy or fantastic; and it must be admitted that our new student does not throw much new light on *Romeo and Juliet*, the play which he has annotated most fully. But the thrill remains, and this new First Folio has still to be combed with a small tooth comb. And now for Loch Laggan. The fall of its water, due to the Lochaber Power Scheme, has discovered a fleet of dug-out canoes (one "clinker built") hollowed in prehistoric days from Caledonian fir and oak. One shows a rude figure-head. The "clinker built" is of rough fir planks, split with axe and caulked with resin and deer's hair. Stone and lime buildings and wattle buildings, some prehistoric, others from the dim past of history, have also come to light, and other discoveries will surely follow. And then the ancient Briton's hoard of Roman coins (period A.D. 54–161), unearthed by Mr. Kenneth Kirby from the hole in which eighteen centuries ago they were buried, in the reign of Antoninus Pius, in the Forest of Chalfont. What an immortal hour for the young man who found them! Who would not buy such an experience? Not to mention the æons-old goddess just unearthed close to Glasgow. So Britain (thank Heaven) is still the unknown isle and the romance of treasure-hunting is not restricted to Cocos.

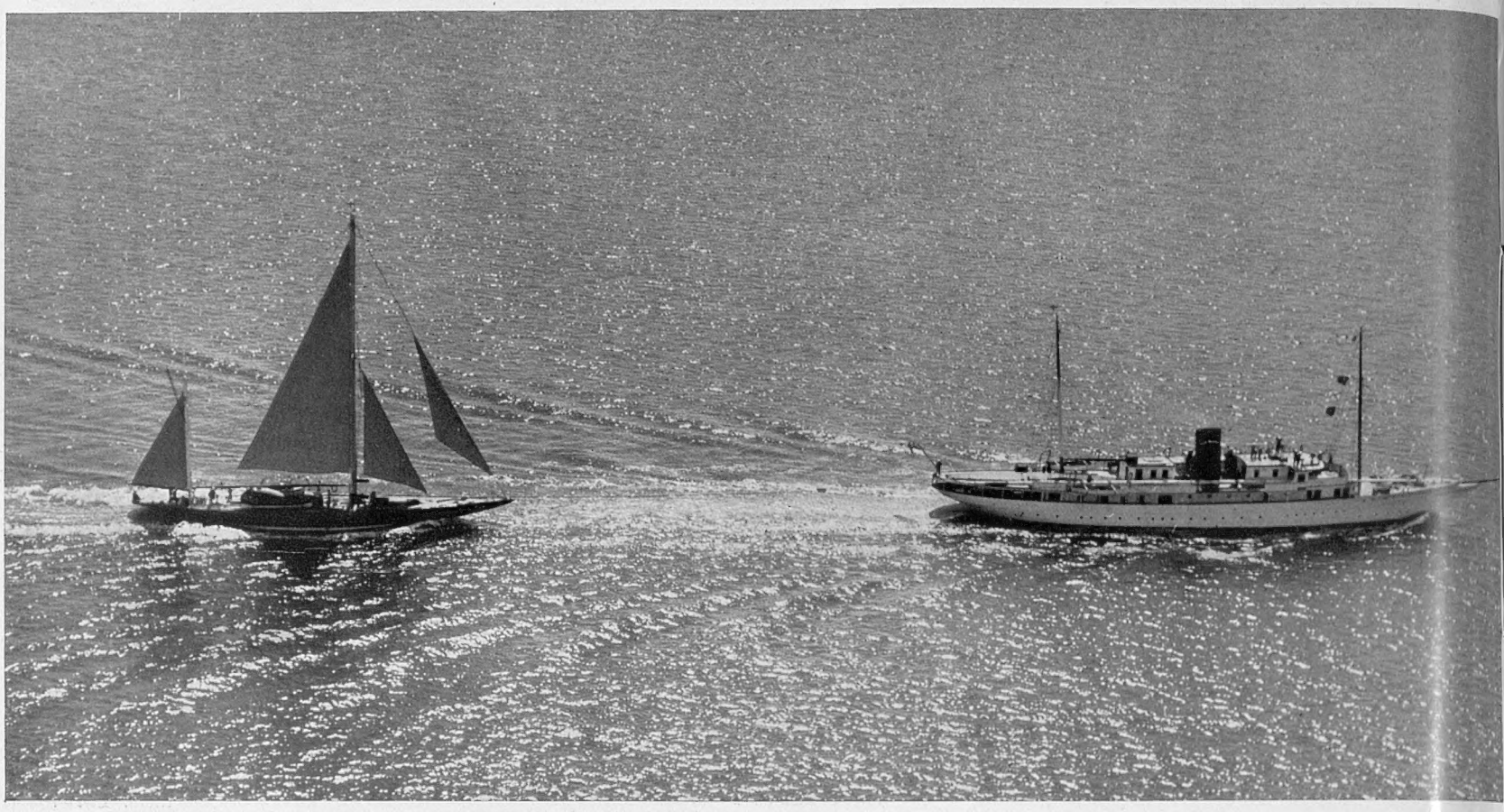
AND STILL THEY DIE.—

It seems unlikely after all that the post of Under-Secretary to the Transport Ministry will be left vacant. Will it be filled by a man who grasps the essential truth which no Transport Minister has yet realized—that the cure for "mass murder" on the road lies not in road code provisions but in the ability of the Government to detect and punish those who recklessly disobey them? The key to the problem lies in effective co-operation between the Transport Ministry and the Home Office. The futility of the polite propaganda campaign by the B.B.C. (and through other channels) is evidenced by that "worst week yet." A large proportion of motorists do not yet understand the language in which efforts are made to inculcate decency. It is perfectly useless to waste time in teaching barbarians the niceties of civilized conduct. There is only one lesson they appreciate, and that is imprisonment, fines, and suspension. The horror grows worse and worse, as code succeeds code and minister minister, and as yet there are not found on the road (as Lord Cottenham has pointed out) any adequate police patrols trained in the technique of road-crime detection or prevention. There is still no adequate liaison between the Ministry and the police. In country districts the police road patrols are active in bringing to book traffic offenders of an unimportant kind. Every Bench in the country is asked weekly to deal with a dozen cases of parking on commons more than the statutory distance from the highway, of driving without reflectors or parking without lights. But of offences of the type which cause death and maiming, 90 per cent. go scot free. The police do not understand the technique of detection. They are not to be found on the roads and at the points where these offences are perpetually being committed. There are not enough patrols, and those there are, are imperfectly trained in their important duties. How often on the road has the average motorist seen a police patrol pursuing an offender? It is high time we learned something of the technique (at least) from America.

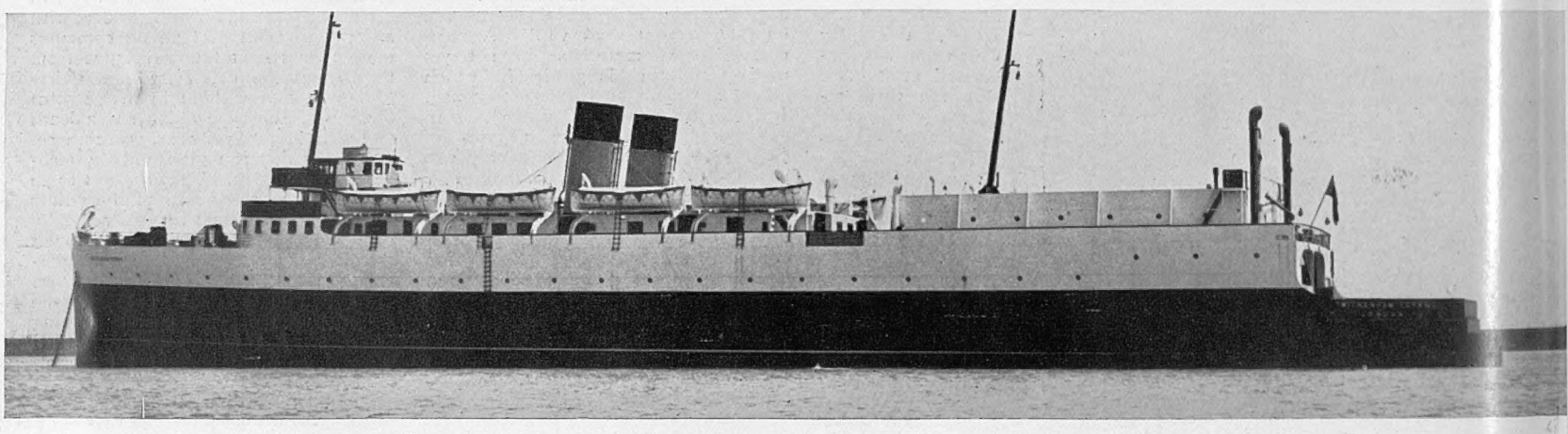
THE OLD STAGER.

THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE REGULAR ARMY TO WIN THE KING'S PRIZE: Captain J. A. Barlow of the West Yorks Regiment being congratulated after his great victory at Bisley. He at first tied with Captain J. Sedgwick, but in the shoot-off won easily

CURRENT HAPPENINGS *at* HOME *and* ABROAD



OUTWARD BOUND: The *Vita* towing Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's *Endeavour* out into the Channel at the start of her voyage to the United States where she is to compete for the America's Cup. The *Endeavour* has been re-rigged and her special steel racing mast has been temporarily removed. Her route to Newport, Rhode Island, is via the Azores, and it is hoped that she will arrive at least a fortnight before the contest, which begins on September 15. To-day Mr. and Mrs. Sopwith are due to leave for New York in the *Aquitania*



A NEW WAY TO THE CONTINENT: *Twickenham Ferry*, the first of three sister-ships for the Southern Railway's cross-channel train-ferry service, seen on her arrival at Dover. She has a speed of over 16 knots, and can carry either twelve sleeping coaches or forty goods wagons

"PRUDENS FUTURI": Testing the monster fuel tank which will be used on the 'plane piloted by Captain Neville Stack in the forthcoming Melbourne Centenary air race from England to Australia. He will be able to carry sufficient petrol to fly 2,000 miles without landing

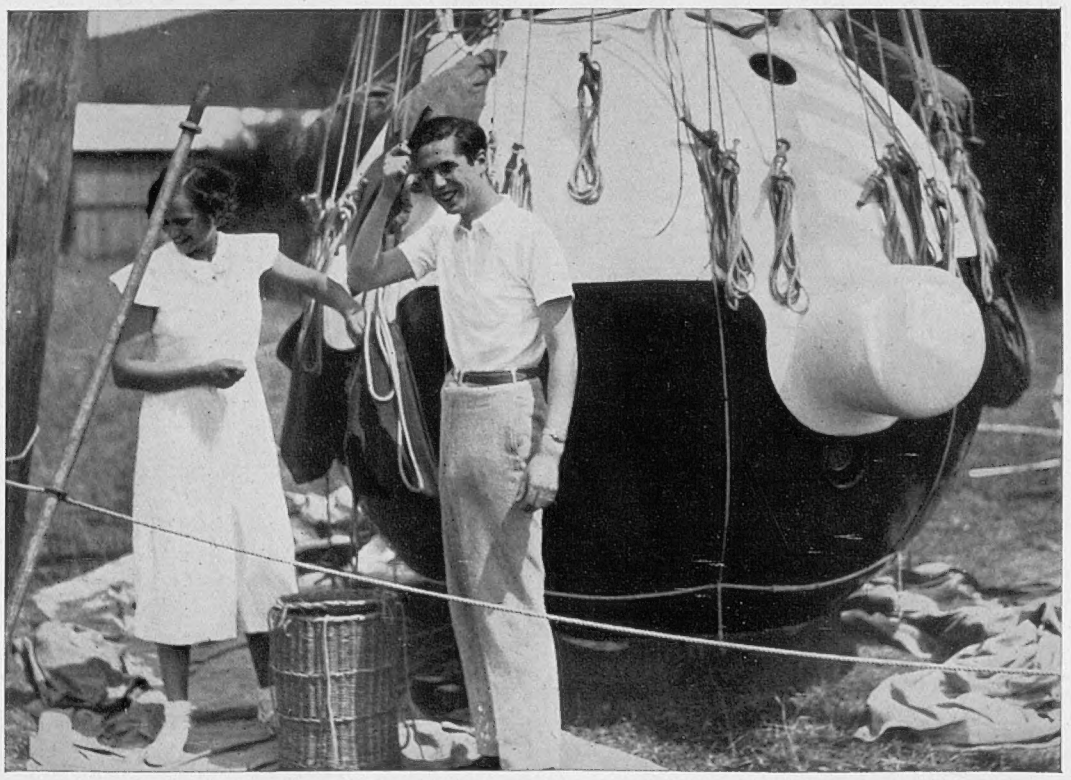
SCALPED: This double-decker bus attempted by-pass road. The result was disastrous both th

BEFORE THE DELUGE: A hit from Ames off O'Reilly's bowling is well fielded by McCabe—an incident in the fourth Test match at Leeds when England was fighting desperately to stave off defeat. In the second innings six of our wickets fell for 229, and over 150 more runs were needed to save the innings defeat. Then rain stopped play, the pitch was swamped, and the Australians were deprived of a victory they thoroughly deserved. As both sides have won one match, the last Test at the Oval will be fought to a finish

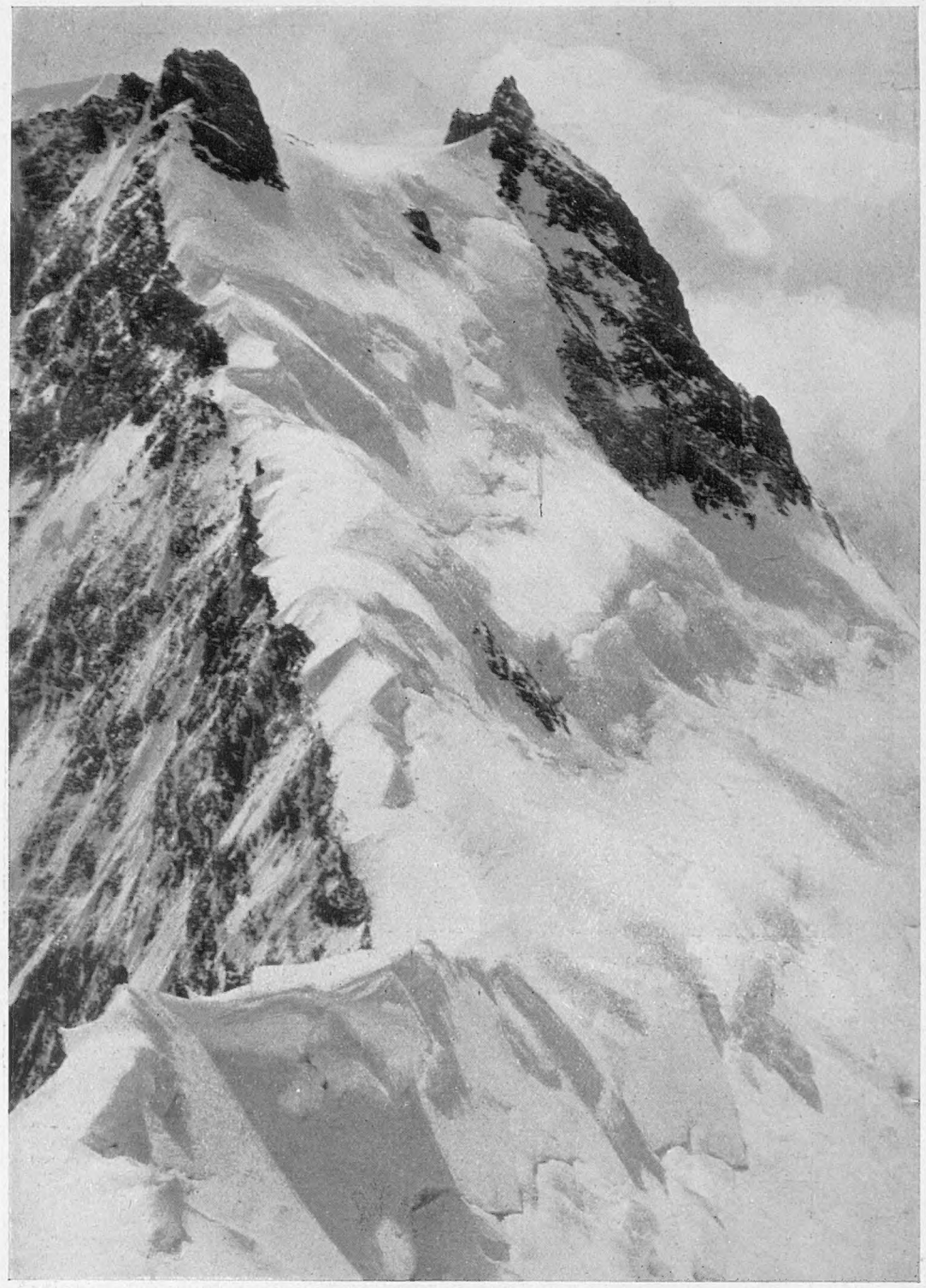
RAIN TO THE RESCUE: A view of the water-logged playing field at Leeds after the downpour which saved England's Test team from defeat

THE HOME FLEET AT TORQUAY: Some of the fifty warships which gathered in the harbour this week. They gave a magnificent searchlight display

to go under a low bridge on the new Exeter for bridge and bus. Note the girder lying across roof



INTO THE UNKNOWN: Herr Van der Elst (above) who with M. Max Cosyns, a pupil of Professor Piccard, is about to make an ascent into the stratosphere from Belgium. A cylindrical bag known as a "stabilization sleeve" will make it possible for the balloon to remain almost stationary when necessary

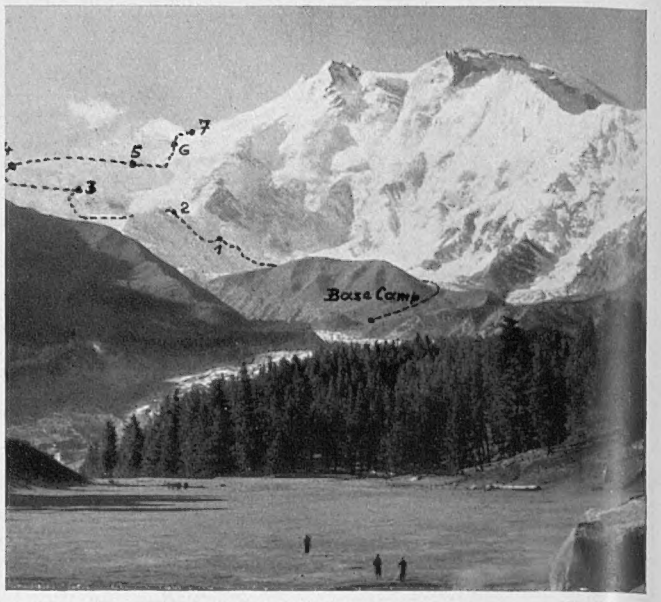


THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY: The North-East Ridge above Camp 7 where two members of the German Himalayan Expedition and seven native porters recently lost their lives when making their last effort to scale the giant 26,200-ft. peak. Herr Merkl, the leader, is also believed to be dead

ATTACKING AN UNCONQUERED PEAK

Members of the German Himalayan Expedition and their native porters on the way up the lower slopes of Nanga Parbat

DISASTER ON NANGA PARBAT



THE ROUTE TOWARDS THE SUMMIT: A general view of Nanga Parbat, showing the various camps established by the ill-fated German Expedition

Members of the German Himalayan Expedition Perish in a Blizzard

Nanga Parbat, which ranks with Everest as one of the most inaccessible of the Himalayan peaks, has once again defied its would-be conquerors. While attempting a final attack on the summit Herr Merkl, Dr. Wieland, Dr. Welzenbach, and seven native porters were caught in a blizzard and, except in the case of Merkl, it has now been definitely established that they lost their lives. Herr Merkl, the leader, who is famous for his previous escapes from death, is believed to have found refuge in an ice cave. At the time of going to press an attempt is being made to find him.

Nanga Parbat, 26,200 feet, stands at the extreme north-west of the Himalaya, where the axis of the great range changes direction to south-west. The expedition comprised Herr Willy Merkl, thirteen other German mountaineers, and two British officers, Captains R. N. D. Frier (Gilgit Scouts) and P. A. K. Sangster (3rd–12th Frontier Force Regiment). The reconnaissance climb in 1932 showed a possible line of attack by the North-East Ridge, and in that year the expedition reached the crest of this ridge at Camp 7 (about 23,000 feet) on July 29.

This year the expedition employed as porters from the Eastern Himalaya, Sherpas and Bhotias with experience on Mount Everest and Kangchenjunga, and taking a different line of approach, from the Indus river instead of from the Astor river, ascended the Rakiot Valley to their old "Fairy Meadow" Camp, above the snout of the Rakiot Glacier, which they reached on May 16. From this point can be seen the greater part of the North Face of the Nanga Parbat massif and the proposed route to the summit plateau at about 25,000 feet. This route crosses a great moraine hill, where the forward base camp was placed, traverses the deep Rakiot Glacier basin swept by avalanches from the North Face and gradually ascends by Camps 1, 2 and 3 to Camp 4, on an ice platform below the Rakiot Peak, a peak of 23,170 feet on the North-East Ridge climbed in 1932.

The route towards the summit of Nanga Parbat traverses the slopes of this peak and reaches the Ridge again, by Camp 6 at 21,650 feet, at Camp 7, 23,000 feet. From here begins the long struggle up the snowy North-East Ridge to the High Plateau (c. 25,000 feet) on which lies a thick ice cap leading gently upwards to the foot of the final pyramid at about 26,200 feet.

The most difficult part of the climb is between Camps 3 and 7, but the most dangerous and the most exposed is that along the North-East Ridge between Camp 7 and the High Plateau.

Good weather was experienced and good progress made up to June 7 when the route between Camps 3 and 4 was reconnoitred. On that day, however, Herr Drexel, of the advanced party, was taken ill with pneumonia and congestion of the lungs, and though the whole efforts of the expedition were devoted to him, some remarkable journeys being made by the porters to bring him medical aid and oxygen, he died at 9.20 p.m. on the 8th.

After burying their comrade near the advanced base on the moraine hill on the 11th the attack was renewed, and during the next month camps and stores were gradually pushed up to the North-East Ridge. It is uncertain yet whether the High Plateau had been reached by July 8, but it seems possible, since that date was fixed for the final assault. But, as so often happens in the High Himalaya, at this critical moment Nanga Parbat seems to have unmasked her defensive batteries and swept her whole front with a devastating blizzard. The attempt to reach the summit has been definitely abandoned.

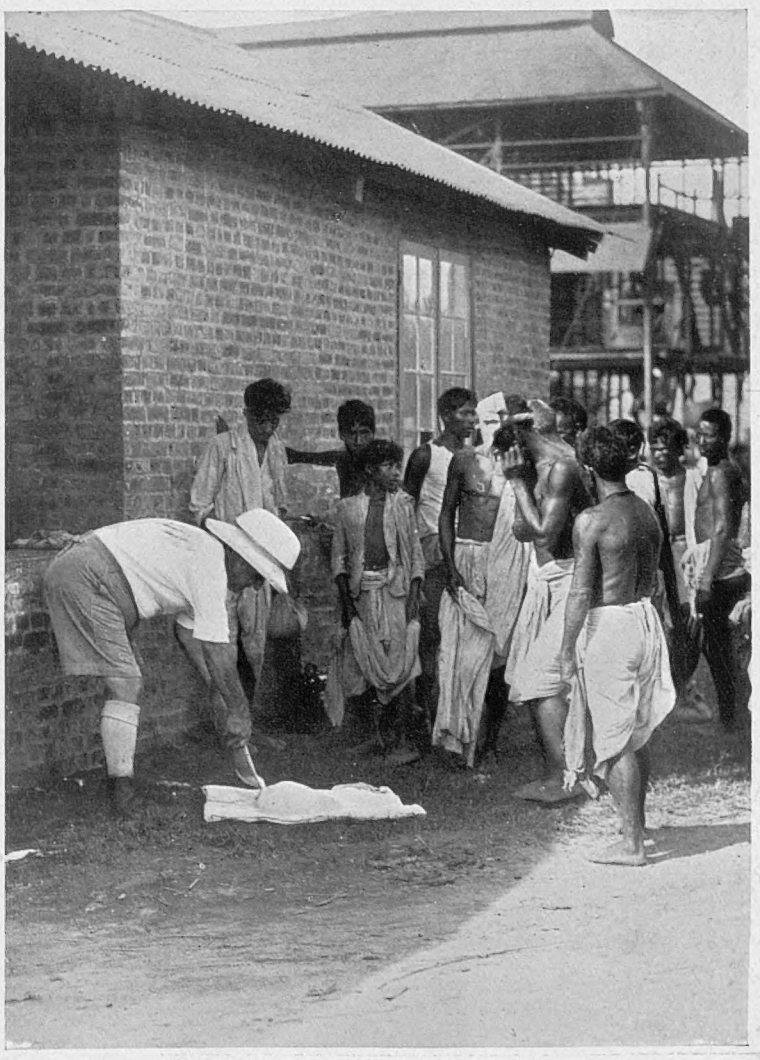
Kenneth Mason

FLOODS IN INDIA : STRIKES IN THE U.S.A.

HAVOC IN NORTHERN INDIA: A native village in the Assam Valley which was recently overwhelmed by the floods resulting from heavy rains. The damage to crops and houses is estimated at £150,000, and a large proportion of the population is destitute. Fifty natives are reported to have been drowned in the Nowgong district of Assam, while in some parts of Bihar the same people who suffered in the earthquake at the beginning of this year are again homeless

THE CLASH OF COLOUR: Police dealing with a striker who had joined in an attempt to prevent a van loaded with produce from leaving a New Jersey farm

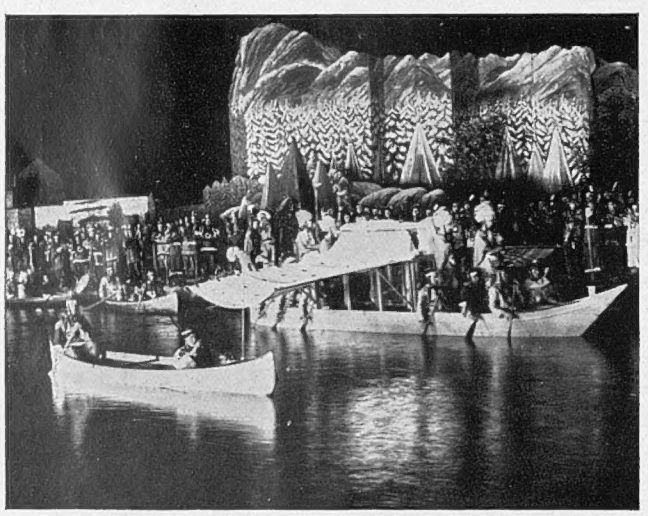
AFTER THE SAN FRANCISCO RIOTS: The funeral of two dock workers who were killed during a fight on the waterfront. Although the general strike in the city is now over, and business is returning to normal, the tram service is still disrupted and only a small proportion of the freight arriving at the docks is being handled



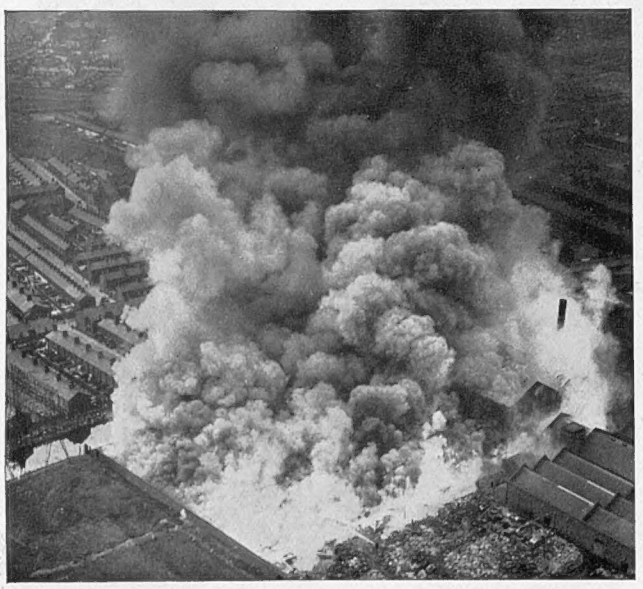
FOOD FOR THE NEEDY: The manager of a tea plantation distributing rice to refugees from the flooded areas of Assam. The Indian Government have been carrying out relief work on an extensive scale

THE PRINCE OF WALES ON A FIRE ENGINE: H.R.H. riding through Yeovil, Somerset, on his way to visit the annual camp of the National Fire Brigades' Association at Barwick Park

AN INDIAN GATHERING: Guests who attended the garden party at Wembley last week to meet Sir Bahadur Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, the Nepalese Minister in London



AT SCARBOROUGH'S ISLAND THEATRE: A scene from *Hiawatha*, which is being presented twice weekly by the local Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society



STREETS UNDER A PALL OF SMOKE during the great fire at a rubber works in Bootle, Lancashire. People ran from their homes to the canal banks, and as the blaze spread hundreds of families had to leave the district, "smoked out" by the dense fumes

JULY 31, 1834: The Day on which Slavery was Abolished in the British Empire

How William Wilberforce Stopped the Traffic in Human Lives

AT MIDNIGHT on July 31, 1834, in the Colonies of King William IV of England 700,000 slaves were freed from their fetters.

Thus the British Empire set an example to the rest of the world, ending 200 years of torture and degradation.

At first the English did not participate to a great extent in the slave traffic. The first mention seems to be in 1562 when, with the consent and patronage of Queen Elizabeth, Sir John Hawkins, "having informed himself that negroes were very good merchandise in Hispaniola," shipped a cargo of 300 slaves from Sierra Leone to San Domingo.

From that time the traffic grew until, at the end of the eighteenth century, England's interests in the slave-trade, due to the importance of her West Indian Colonies during the prolonged struggle against Napoleon, were greater than those of any other nation.

A NOTORIOUS agreement called the "Asiento" was the means of a company being formed whose object was to sell into bondage 4,800 negroes a year over a period of thirty years.

Such was the anticipated importance of the trade that our domesticated sovereign, Queen Anne, took up a quarter of the stock, whilst Philip V of Spain bought another quarter. Thus the sovereigns of England and Spain became the largest slave merchants in the history of the world.

The extent of the traffic is difficult to discover, but it has been estimated that something like 40,000,000 negroes were captured during the 200 years, 12,000,000 being taken from Africa, and 6,000,000 probably landed across the Atlantic.

Conditions of transport were terrible, and 3,000,000 are reported to have died on the journey to the coast and another 3,000,000 at sea. The ships were small and specially built, having shelves from top to bottom 3 ft. apart, on which the slaves were packed in chains—men, women, and children together; and under these conditions death, and likewise birth, had no privacy. In this country and elsewhere the manufacture and supply of slave chains, branding irons, padlocks, and whips was a flourishing business.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON who in 1825 succeeded Wilberforce as head of the anti-slavery party

The agonies the slaves suffered during the voyage were as nothing compared to the outrages, tortures, and mutilations they endured on the plantations. Death was freedom, a merciful release. The gruesome details can be read at length in the evidence tendered by the select committee in the House of Commons.

One name, that of their deliverer, William Wilberforce, Member of Parliament for Hull, stood out in the affairs of the nation before the end of the eighteenth century, when he, with Wesley, Thomas Clarkson and Sharp as his supporters, was awakening England to a realization of the tragedy of the traffic in human lives.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE who, as a Member of Parliament, fought for nineteen years to secure the abolition of the slave trade

Physically, William Wilberforce was small and delicate; spiritually, a keen sense of humour balanced his deep religiousness. For forty-one years, the whole length of his parliamentary career, he fought against the power of vested interests, and when he retired through ill-health in 1825 he handed over his aims and ambitions to his friend Thomas Fowell Buxton, Member for Weymouth. Wilberforce died on July 29, 1833, with the satisfaction of knowing that his life's work was not to be wasted. In spite of the fact that England's vested interests in the slave trade were larger than those of any other country and because of the devotion of Wilberforce and his followers, England was awakened to a sense of justice. She bought off Spain in 1820, and bribed Portugal ten years later, whilst her slave patrols of British warships along the West African coast and elsewhere have been a continual charge on her resources.

In August, 1833, Parliament passed a bill for the abolition of slavery in the British possessions, and on July 31 of the following year the slaves were emancipated, £20,000,000 being paid by the British taxpayers to the West Indian planters as compensation.

In order that our trade with the West Indies should not be unduly disturbed, a transitional stage was incorporated in the Bill of Emancipation providing for a system whereby the slaves continued to work as apprentices for their present masters. This period was fixed at twelve years, but Buxton and his colleagues, finding that new forms of slavery had crept in, fought to reduce the term. After four years, with Disraeli and Gladstone in the House, a bill was passed putting an end to the apprenticeship system.

Whether the result of Wilberforce's struggle did not, as his bitter opponents prophesied, ruin the sugar industry, has been much debated.

Supporters of the anti-slavery movement maintained that in spite of the reduced hours, the apprentices worked harder. The output was kept up and the quality of the sugar improved and records on the islands show that the percentage of crime among the apprentices was far less than that among the free inhabitants of the islands.

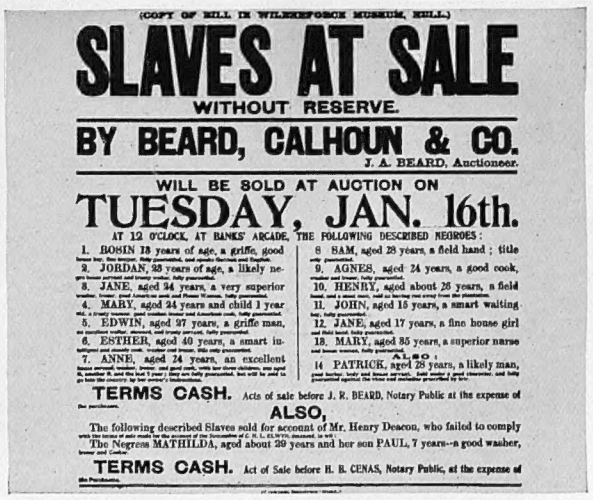
WILBERFORCE'S work had hardly borne fruit before Buxton promoted schemes for the education of the freed slaves. He was able to obtain a sum of over £110,000 left in 1710 by a certain Lady Mico "for the redemption of white slaves in Barbary," and to this sum the Government added a temporary grant of £20,000 a year. The expenditure of the British Navy in suppressing slave-raiding itself from 1833 to 1933 has been about £50,000,000.

In spite of all, slave-raiding and slavery still exist in other parts and it is estimated that there are 5,000,000 slaves still in the world, the prices for whom vary from £2 in some countries to £50 in others.

Those who know the present-day harbours of Africa now patrolled by His Majesty's gunboats will see nothing of the raiders of old, but up-country, in the West African Colony of Liberia, slaves are living under almost the same conditions as they did one hundred years ago.

Great Britain has already turned enquiring eyes in the direction of Liberia, and her gunboats are watching the coast of Arabia.

Peter Thom



(COPY OF BILL IN WILBERFORCE MUSEUM, HULL.)

SLAVES AT SALE

WITHOUT RESERVE.

BY BEARD, CALHOUN & CO.

J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

WILL BE SOLD AT AUCTION ON

TUESDAY, JAN. 16th.

AT 12 O'CLOCK, AT BANKS' ARCADE, THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED NEGROES:

1. BOSIN 18 years of age, a griffe, good
2. JORDAN, 28 years of age, a likely ne-
3. JANE, aged 34 years, a very superior
4. MARY, aged 24 years and child 1 year
5. EDWIN, aged 27 years, a griffe man,
6. ESTHER, aged 40 years, a smart in-
7. ANNE, aged 24 years, an excellent
8. SAM, aged 28 years, a field hand; title
9. AGNES, aged 24 years, a good cook,
10. HENRY, aged about 26 years, a field
11. JOHN, aged 15 years, a smart waiting
12. JANE, aged 17 years, a fine house girl
13. MARY, aged 35 years, a superior nurse
14. PATRICK, aged 28 years, a likely man,

TERMS CASH. Acts of sale before J. R. BEARD, Notary Public at the expense of

ALSO,

The following described Slaves sold for account of Mr. Henry Deacon, who failed to comply

The Negress MATHILDA, aged about 29 years and her son PAUL, 7 years--a good washer,

TERMS CASH. Act of Sale before H. B. CENAS, Notary Public, at the expense of

SLAVES AT SALE: A reproduction from a slave auctioneer's announcement which is now in the Wilberforce Museum at Hull

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE: A Perthshire Castle and a Dorsetshire Island in Flames

THE BURNING OF BROWNSEA: An aerial view of the small island in Poole Harbour, Dorset, during last week's disastrous fire which destroyed twelve houses and raged for several days. The island is owned by Mrs. Bonham Christie who bought it for £125,000 and who lives there in a 300-year-old castle. She is known as the "Queen of Brownsea"

DUPPLIN CASTLE GUTTED: The Perthshire home of Lord and Lady Forteviot where a fire broke out last week, and, despite the efforts of two fire brigades and the estate workers, destroyed the east wing. The total damage was estimated at £100,000, and costly furnishings, valuable pictures, and thousands of books and old manuscripts were lost

THREATENED HOMES: Another blaze which took place recently on the outskirts of Bournemouth. The men in the foreground cleared away some of the undergrowth in an attempt to check the spread of the flames

THE RELENTLESS INFERNO: A close-up view of Brownsea showing the flames creeping towards the houses. Deer and other wild animals living on the island were suffocated by the smoke

a

REAPING the FIRST HARV

A Once Malaria-Stricken Area which is now Becoming the Granary of Rome

FASCIST ENTERPRISE: The Italian flag flying from the tower of the administrative building at Sabaudia, one of the new towns which has been built in the reclaimed Pontine marshlands

A STUDY IN CONTENTMENT: A settler doing her week's washing. Each family has a plot varying between 25 and 62 acres. *On right*—One of the main drainage canals

A ROYAL VISIT: *Left*—New homes unde *Right*—Part of the great crowd whic address by King Victor Emmanuel whe

THE DEMOCRATIC DICTATOR

Signor Mussolini feeding a threshing machine with wheat from the first crop produced by the Pontine farmers. If the present rate of progress is maintained, it will not be long before Italy is completely independent of foreign sources of grain supply

RISEN FROM THE MARS the largest of the new towns a school, a hospital, a recreatio modation for 2,000 people. A

EST on the RECLAIMED PONTINE MARSHES

construction for the rapidly increasing population. assembled in the main square to hear the he inaugurated the town of Sabaudia this year

LANDS: The post office in Littoria, the first and the reclaimed area. It already has a church, club, an hotel, and a cinema with seating accom- extension of the railway now links it with Rome

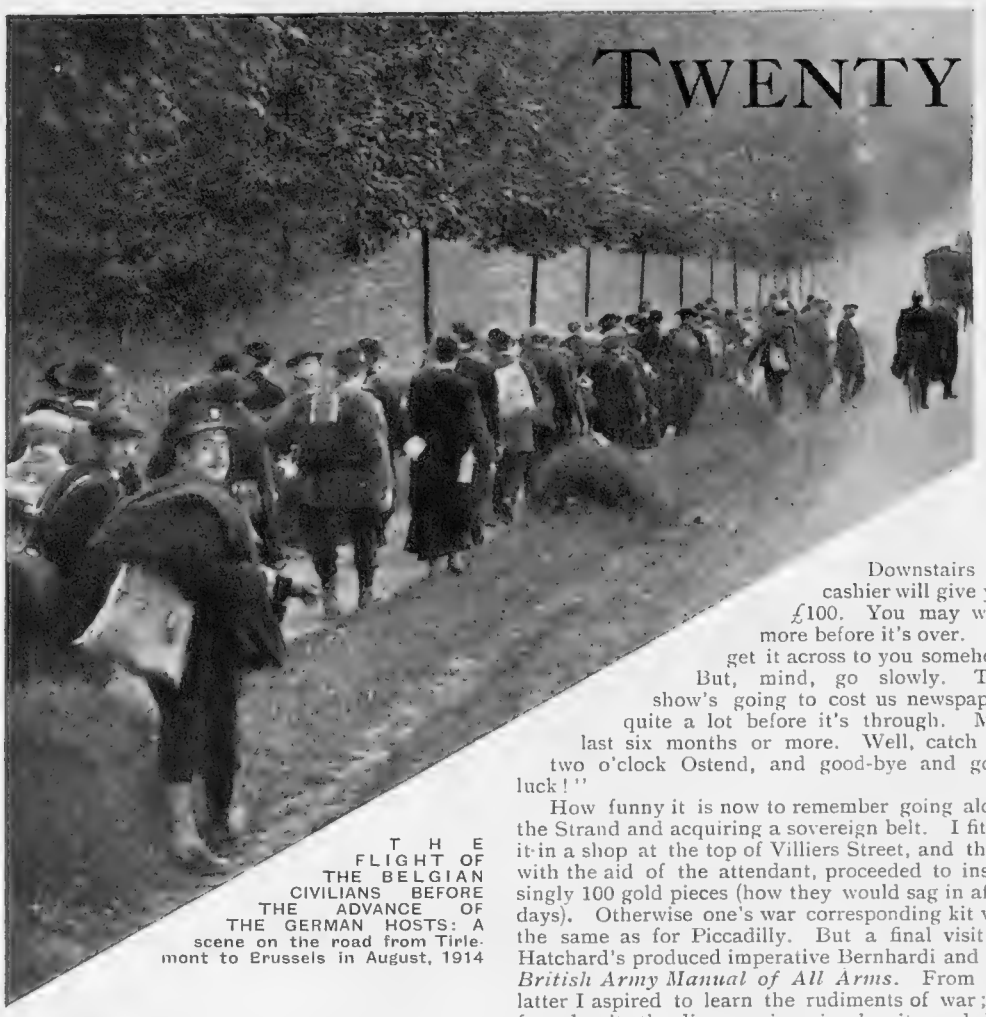
Another picture of Signor Mussolini helping with the first harvest. He has probably given more of his time and enthusiasm to the colonizing of the reclaimed area than to any other project, as he sees in the development of agriculture the solution of Italy's unemployment problem

THE REWARD OF HIGH ENDEAVOUR

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

War Corresponding in Belgium in August, 1914

By FERDINAND TUOHY



THE FLIGHT OF THE BELGIAN CIVILIANS BEFORE THE ADVANCE OF THE GERMAN HOSTS: A scene on the road from Tirlemont to Brussels in August, 1914

WAR CORRESPONDENTS had been rather hand-picked mortals—an Archibald Forbes, a G. W. Steevens, an Ashmead-Bartlett.

Twenty years ago a hundred of them (so labelled) left these shores inside of a week. And there began a most astonishing chase after news, with the chasers themselves chased, to be found in newspaper annals. Overnight London's dailies turned into hectic serials on the strength of streaming messages from "our special correspondent" located in unknown Continental villages and latitudes. The war directors had desired total eclipse relieved only by tersest and vaguest bulletin; the chiefs of Fleet Street, more than supported by a thirsting public, decided otherwise. There were no broadcasts, no newsreels, to intervene in those days. The printed word held the field. It should prevail. As Lord Northcliffe was to deliver himself subsequently, "This war can't be run in the dark like a campaign against niggers. It affects us all—terribly. I am quite ready to withdraw all my correspondents provided I get proper and untrammelled representation with the Allied armies. They can shoot me if I print anything I shouldn't. Meanwhile I shall send out my men as I think fit. You go back to-night."

I SEEMED to be always "going back to-night" in August, 1914. My log tells that in the opening three weeks there were eight double crossings with Ostend, and one or two more after that with Dunkirk and Boulogne, before the first month was up. It was the only safe way to get back one's news—bring it yourself. Telephone and telegraph were barred from journalistic use. Couriers were tried but promptly turned into correspondents themselves, sometimes on the way home with a dispatch. The only other method, employing a ship's steward as carrier, was unreliable. So back and forth one paddled, usually using the night boat until it was no more. Even this form of personal service to one's paper was not without its snags. In a very short while Yard men were detailed to search all scriveners landing at Folkestone, the one port open, and sometimes—as with a big affair such as the German entry into Brussels—it was the wiser part to delay writing until the Pullman to London, though what in the name of Gutenberg could have been the objection to such a story, puzzles even more now than it did then.

On the declaration of war, and with the mammoth nature of "the main story" needing no emphasis, editors followed a common policy. A hundred different aspects just across the Channel would have to be covered each day, so they mobilized everybody on the staff with the slightest qualification and pushed them over. My qualifying may be worth repeating, as showing how completely in the air even foreign editors were—

"Know French? German? Good. Go to Antwerp. Take care not to get shut in there; fellow marooned with his news is worse than the man who can't get any at all. If you see a siege coming, arrange a channel through Holland. Downstairs the cashier will give you £100. You may want more before it's over. I'll get it across to you somehow. But, mind, go slowly. This show's going to cost us newspapers quite a lot before it's through. May last six months or more. Well, catch the two o'clock Ostend, and good-bye and good luck!"

How funny it is now to remember going along the Strand and acquiring a sovereign belt. I fitted it in a shop at the top of Villiers Street, and then, with the aid of the attendant, proceeded to insert singly 100 gold pieces (how they would sag in after days). Otherwise one's war corresponding kit was the same as for Piccadilly. But a final visit to Hatchard's produced imperative Bernhardi and the *British Army Manual of All Arms*. From the latter I aspired to learn the rudiments of war; in fact, despite the discouraging pipeclay it exuded, I read and re-read the little book most of the way over. There were only five other passengers on the old Belgian paddle-steamer, though the incoming ship we passed was packed, and exchanges concerning the baby war soon dried up. "Doesn't look as if they'll even take Liége! Simply getting mown down from the forts already, it seems."

I was awfully bitten with the novelty of a passport. It was a large, unfolding crinkly paper, signed "Edward Grey."

AT OSTEND the Belgian papers told us that "*les forts tiennent toujours*," a sentence one was to hear every hour of the day in the ensuing week albeit it no longer corresponded with the facts after the 6th, a certain Colonel Ludendorff having bluffed his way into Liége on that day and, at the head of a mere handful, obtained the keys from the City Fathers, thereby alleviating what was becoming a serious bottle-neck jam for von Einen. But we swarming, new-style Bennett-Burleighs knew nothing about that kind of thing until æons after. Rather, I recollect, was the great opening story to the effect that the German Army was limping to its doom in new boots . . . that obviously it could never reach Paris in new boots, and what an appalling showing up of the glorious Prussian General Staff!

A weird assemblage stood about the Gare Maritime—a war crowd. Brand new *braves Belges* with tassels tickling their foreheads, women decked out in August fashion, over-dressed holiday males, romping little children, spade and bucket in hand. All were talking of "the Boche." I asked the meaning of the word and was told: "Albosch—the squat-headed." The Boches were reported to be massacring everybody in their path, old men, women, children. Ostend displayed that febrile readiness to believe and hand on every rumour, as highly qualified fact, which was to characterize the brief Belgian campaign throughout.

On the way to Brussels, villagers and townsfolk gathered at level-crossings, on platforms, outside their cottages and, catching sight of Red Cross khaki in the train, waved joyous welcome. "*Les Anglais sont arrivés!*" The tidings spread along the line ahead of us, and in the upshot caused a vast and expectant multitude to fill the Place Rogier outside the Gare du Nord. "*Et les Anglais?*" people tugged at one's sleeve on the way over to the Palace Hotel. "You'll have to hurry! They've just murdered fifteen hundred of us at Visé!"

The ensuing minutes, first contact with war, are as clear now as ever. On stretchers along the corridor of the hotel lay the opening wounded of Liége, tended by utterly inexperienced Belgian girls recruited from good family. Some of the casualties groaned, others smoked. A lace-bordered handkerchief covered one head. Boy Scouts brought these wounded men absurd, rich dishes, and wine, lobster, *foie gras*. The best of everything for our heroes! Yet why were they not upstairs in bed? It was hard bringing oneself to walk over them to the lift. A temporary sister explained. "The hotel people won't let us. It's run by a Boche. We've applied to the Burgomaster."

A little later I was out on the terrace sipping an apéritif.

THAT SUMMER city scene . . . cosmopolitan café clientèle . . . *la situation reste bonne* said the evening paper . . . passing glad eyes as usual . . . a small girl accidentally lets go her balloon . . . necks craned as it rises . . . was it conceivable that fifty miles distant a War was under way?

Yes, it was; for soon refugees came by, trundling their carts and barrows piled crazily with all they'd managed to salve or snatch. And that same evening I was to have the office car, a freshly purchased Delahaye, commandeered from under my person by a couple of *braves Belges* who wouldn't listen to a word. I hadn't a permit and I was a foreigner and I could consider myself jolly lucky . . .

On my return, crestfallen, to H.Q. in the rue Royale, colleagues shot dark glances at the luckless new hand.

We were an assorted crew. At the top was the bearer of an historic newspaper name but who now resembled a unit in Wormwood Scrubs. "I always grow a beard on all my campaigns." He disdained what he called "the American bar correspondents," though himself was never to leave Brussels, and lucky he was, too, that in the tenderness of (pre-War) youth I never passed on to him one or two of the messages Northcliffe told me to. "Tell him he's not still at Spion Kop," was a fair example. Then there was a splendid Scot called Dr. Wilson, a man who had the temperament for those whirling, off-the-floor days, buoyant, cheery, and understanding, withal, a little of what was going on. My immediate senior, J. M. N. Jeffries, on the other hand, worried a lot; and looking back, perhaps it was justified, since his permanent assignment was to find the phantom British Army. Each morning, after hearing Mass by special permission

(*Continued on p.* 160)

THE OCCUPATION OF BRUSSELS: German infantry passing down one of the streets of the Belgian capital where the shops were closed and the houses shuttered

SPLENDID ISOLATION: The Winged Victory of Samothrace, one of the finest existing examples of Greek sculpture, in its new setting in the Louvre, Paris. In order to add to its effect it has been moved forward to the head of the widened Daru stairway, and the distracting mosaics behind it have been covered over

AS IT WAS BEFORE THE IMPROVEMENTS WERE MADE: On comparing this with the picture above it will be noted how much more impressive is the new setting

THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE

A Gem of the Louvre in its New Setting

This famous sculpture dates from about 306 B.C. and is supposed to have been carved for Demetrius of Syria in commemoration of his victory over Ptolemy. The goddess stands upon the prow of a ship, her body leaning forward and "defying the contrary wind which whips her garment into quivering folds." Although headless the sculpture is still a thing of surpassing beauty, and it is little wonder that the authorities at the Louvre have seen fit to make such extensive improvements

HEADLESS BUT GLORIOUS: A close-up view of the Winged Victory. It is over 2,200 years old

The CHARLES

THE LITTLE HOUSE AT CHASE SIDE, ENFIELD, in which Charles Lamb lived after he received a pension from the India House where he had been employed as a clerk. About this time he wrote to Wordsworth: "After 33 years' slavery here am I a freed man with £441 a year for the remainder of my life"

THERE has come into the market a packet of letters written over a hundred years ago.

The paper is faded and the ink is brown, but they still bear the seals and retain the creases which closed the preparation for their dispatch. They are such fragile things that it seems a miracle they should have survived for a span that is almost two lifetimes. But they were received with pride and treasured with affection, and when both writer and recipient had passed away, a new pride held them as treasures from a fragrant personality that was fast slipping beyond the reach of living memory.

It is safe to declare that no letters written to-day from a clerk in one office—on office paper—to a clerk in another office will hold such peculiar significance of association a hundred years hence. Their origin, at least, is not likely to be repeated, since it would pass credence for one among all the busy thousands who throng the City in these days to single out another by his speech and personality as the writer of a set of essays.

In August, 1820, there appeared in the *London Magazine* "The South Sea House" attached to the pseudonym of "Elia." After this there followed a succession of essays, like the first, of a style so fresh and individual that curiosity was aroused as to the identity of the writer.

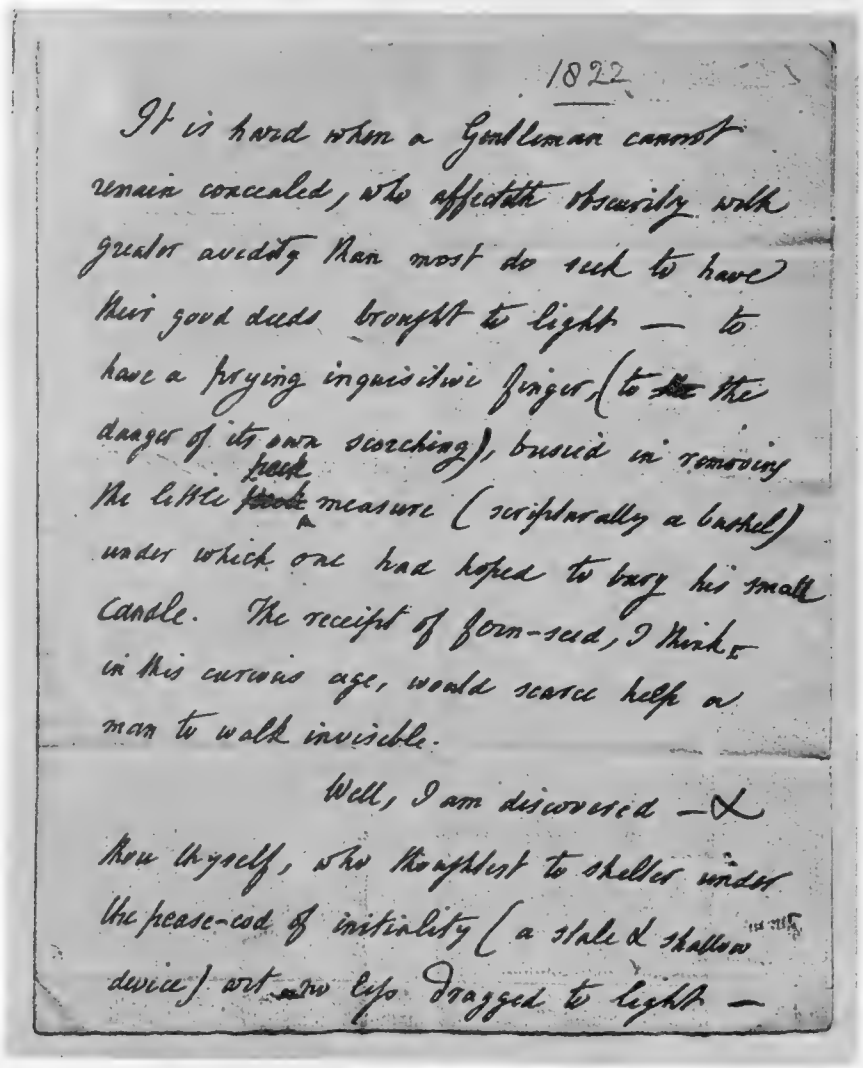
One day in the winter of 1822–23, Mr. Dibdin, a delicate young clerk employed by Messrs. Railton, Rankin, and Co., merchants, walked from their office in Cheapside to the East India House on business for his firm. He pursued his errand with more zest than usual, for he had been sending anonymous letters to a certain clerk in the East India House fastening upon him the identity of "Elia." His capacity for such literary detection had been developed by the editing of *The European Magazine*, while, added to this, he was the son of a poet and dramatist, and grandson of the famous author of "Tom Bowling." But if "Elia" had been discovered at last, the writer of the letters signed only with the initial "D," had also been partially discovered, and now carried in his pocket a note addressed to "— Dibdin, Esq." containing the phrases: "I am a rogue if I can think what face thou carriest . . . I think I should shake hands with thee if I met thee."

When sales were in progress at the East India House the yelling and howling of the bidders reached beyond the thick walls into Leadenhall Street. But on this occasion things were quiet, so Mr. Dibdin could be fairly sure of finding Elia at his desk in the accountant's office. The large, ill-lighted room was divided into compartments, in each of which sat six clerks. Mr. Dibdin placed himself in front of one of the absurdly high desks. The opening of the door had been greeted with such a hearty scratching of many quills that Mr. Dibdin's eyes twinkled, and after a moment he saw another pair of eyes twinkling down at him between the candles. Above these eyes was a superb forehead framed in crisp, curling black hair; the nose, slightly curved, dominated the delicate oval of the face and its sensitive mouth. The swarthiness, the fine lines, the expression of accepted fatality, called to mind the unfortunate Stuarts, a likeness that was emphasized when a smile of an irresistible charm tried to drive away the deep shadows from this unusual face. The shoulders were magnificent, in astonishing contrast to the short, spidery legs clipped round the bars of the high stool.

Mr. Dibdin handed up his cheques and statements; Mr. Lamb was looking down at him now in a questioning manner, as though it were on the tip of his tongue to ask his name. Mr. Dibdin stuck to business, waiting for the little man to betray himself once more, but for the moment, while comparing statements with account books, he only stuttered out a complaint against young men who interrupted his private correspondence with stupid business. Mr. Dibdin gave him an opening, and instantly the quill was flung down, the beautiful hands were clasped above the ledger, and wit of a peculiar flavour broke away from the stammering tongue. With much difficulty Mr. Dibden called to mind Messrs. Railton, Rankin, and Co., and endeavouring to look as though he were merely concerned with business, accepted receipts and initialled statements, but his hand was itching to pen his next anonymous letter to Mr. Lamb, which should begin: "I've found thee out, O Elia!"

BUT LITTLE CHANGED SINCE LAMB'S DAY: The pleasant, tree-lined road viewed from the doorway of the great essayist's house at Enfield. Lamb was extremely fond of taking long walks in the surrounding country

ESSAYIST AND HUMORIST: Charles Lamb as he was in the last years of his life



1822

It is hard when a Gentleman cannot remain concealed, who affects it's security with greater avidity than most do seek to have their good deeds brought to light — to have a prying inquisitive finger (to the danger of its own scorching), busied in removing the little peck measure (scripturally a bushel) under which one had hoped to bury his small candle. The receipt of corn-seed, I think, in this curious age, would scarce help a man to walk invisible.

Well, I am discovered — & how myself, who thought to shelter under the pease-cod of initiality (a stale & shallow device) art now lyst dragged to light —

DISCOVERED: An extract from a letter written by Charles Lamb to John Dibdin, in which the essayist admitted that it was he who had been writing under the name of "Elia"

By May, 1823, the discovery on both sides was acknowledged, and Mr. Dibdin received his first invitation to call upon Mr. Lamb and his sister, Mary, the dark angel of Elia's life. "We are old-fashioned people who drink tea at six, or not much later, and give cold mutton and pickle at nine, the good old hour. I assure you (if it suit you) we shall be glad to see you." And then the absurd postscript, "My love to Mr. Railton, the same to Mr. Rankin, to the whole firm indeed," marked "Not official."

It is nowhere recorded that Charles Lamb ever linked his own name in jest with the pig of his affections, although the pig and the lamb lying down together would seem own brother to the joke about "Full Inside?" and the last piece of Mrs. Gillman's pudding. Neither is it recorded how many gifts of hog's flesh paid tribute to his "Dissertation upon Roast Pig." Dibdin, it seems, went one better than all Elia's admirers by sending him not only a sucking pig, but with it a picture of a pig worked in satin and straw. Charles wrote back: "I never before saw swine upon satin," and invited Dibdin out to Colebrook Cottage, Islington,

LAMB CENTENARY

Extracts from the Fourteen Letters which the Essayist Wrote to His Friend John Dibdin and which are Now to be Offered for Sale—Special "Sphere" Pictures of the Homes of Charles and Mary Lamb

"as early as six? I have some friends coming at that hour."

Which of all the Lambs' friends did young Dibdin meet on that occasion? Coleridge, Wordsworth, or that everlasting, ambulatory jest, George Dyer? More likely, some of those who had a small fame in their day, but who would be forgotten by now if they had not formed a part of "C. L. and Co." We know nothing of the parties that Dibdin attended at Islington, or whether he, too, sometimes stayed "till the grey dawn was creeping over the dewy fields and airy heights of Pentonville." But once promoted from casual guest to friend, Dibdin must share with the rest the joy of Mary's presence, or the gloom brought by her tragic absence.

With them, too, he must have echoed the laughter aroused by Lamb's stories of George Dyer, particularly the one about his famous exploit, when, made doubly short-sighted by absent-mindedness, he walked out of the cottage one Sunday morning and straight into the New River—now hidden away beneath a dirty asphalt which holds no record of this historic event. Here at Islington Dibdin saw Charles Lamb savouring a new experience, feeling "like a great lord, never having had a house before"—a detached, white house with six good rooms, and a garden with vines and strawberries and vegetables; this passionate lover of the London streets caught by the gardener's fever and complaining that his Windsor pears were backward.

There is a gap in the letters after the early part of 1825, and the date of the next, June, 1826, finds both

THE COTTAGE IN COLEBROOK ROW, ISLINGTON, where Lamb went to live in August, 1823

Lamb and Dibdin in very different circumstances. Charles, having craved for freedom, had been released at last by the East India Company on a pension, and discovered, to his wistful surprise, that the days of his servitude held more happiness than he had realized, and that hours of idleness could seem very, very long. Occasionally he would pay visits to the office, look at his old desk and the peg upon which he had always hung his hat, but though his sometime colleagues received him with enthusiasm, the former pleasant familiarity was beyond recall.

The daylight did not seem so friendly as the dark office "where candles for one half of the year supplied the place of the sun's light." Dibdin was at Hastings, endeavouring to conquer the disease that was to bring his life to an early ending. Lamb's letter informs him that "there's a capital farmhouse two-thirds of the way to the Lovers' Seat, with incomparable plum cake, ginger-beer, etc.," and begs him to "contrive to see the sea at least once before you return. You'll be asked about it in the Old Jewry."

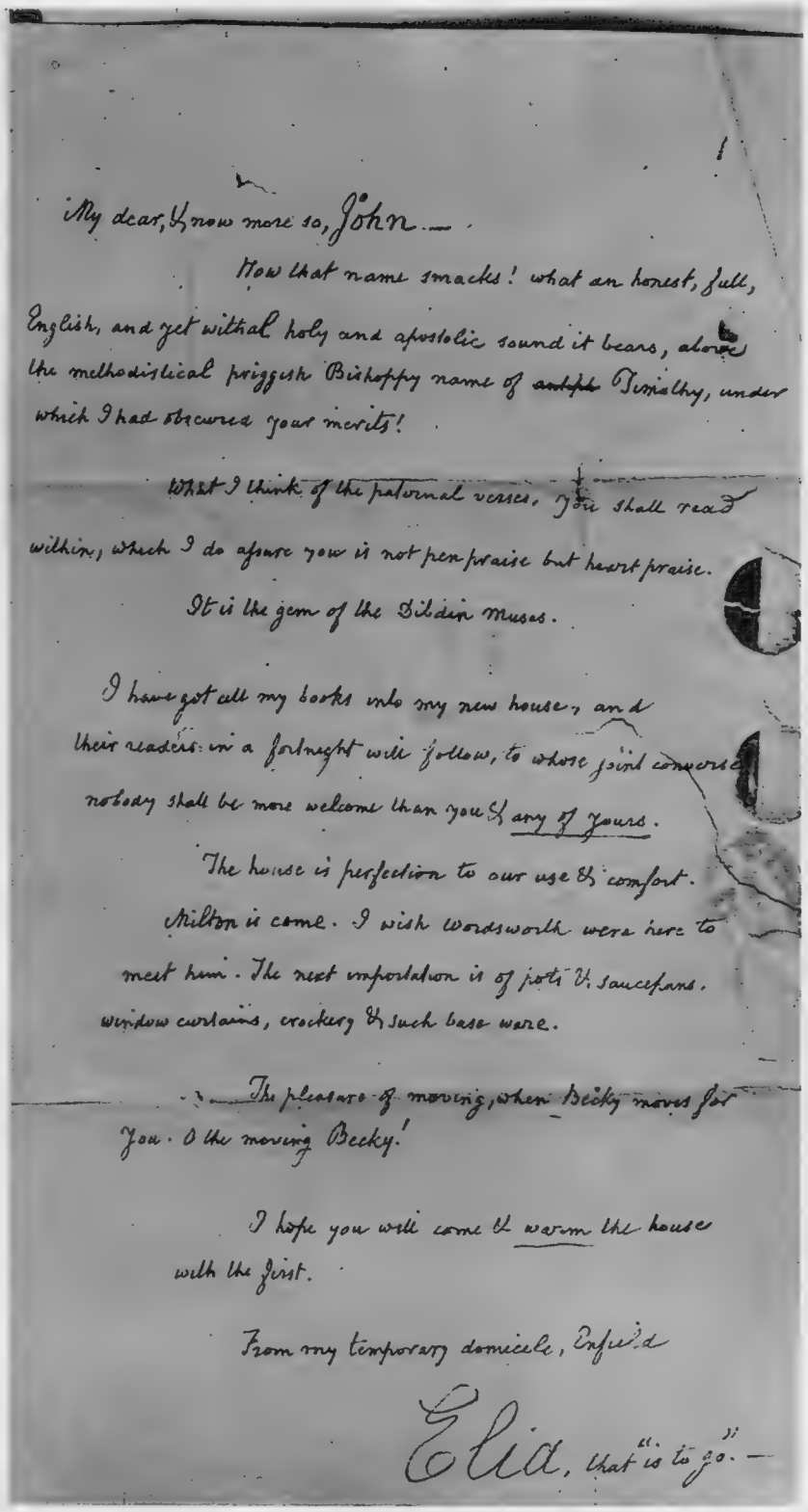
The next letter to Hastings is in the form of a long poem, which begins:

"Because you boast poetic grandsire,
And rhyming kin, both uncle *and* sire,
Dost think that none but *their* descendings
Can tickle folks with double endings?
I had a Dad that would for half a bet
Have put down thine thro' half the alphabet."

Early in September there is another letter, evidently written in a rainy season out of sympathy for an exile to whom bad weather must be an additional burden. "If any of the little topics for mirth I have thought upon should serve you in this utter extinguishment of sunshine, to make you a little merry, I shall have had my ends. . . P.S.—We are just sitting down to dinner with a pleasant party—Coleridge, Reynolds the dramatist, and Sam Bloxam. . . . May this find you as jolly and freakish as we mean to be."

On the back of one of the Hastings letters is a memorandum, presumably written by Dibdin, which arouses conjecture: "Basin—warm water. Plate and salt. Two towels. Sponge. One glass. Little milk."

The next letter is dated September, 1827. Dibdin is back at work with the firm whose name generally offers Lamb the opportunity for a twist. Charles and Mary are moving from Islington to Chase Side, Enfield, and he is only half at home in either place; his books are at Enfield: "the next importation is of pots and saucepans, window curtains, crockery, and such base ware . . . I hope you will come and warm the house with the first."



My dear, & now more so, John —

Now that name smacks! what an honest, full, English, and yet withal holy and apostolic sound it bears, above the methodistical priggish Bishoppy name of ~~Bishop~~ Timothy, under which I had obscured your merits!

What I think of the paternal verses, You shall read within, which I do assure you is not pen-praise but heart-praise. It is the gem of the Dibdin Muses.

I have got all my books into my new house, and their readers in a fortnight will follow, to whose joint converse nobody shall be more welcome than you & any of yours.

The house is perfection to our use & comfort. Milton is come. I wish Wordsworth were here to meet him. The next importation is of pots & saucepans. window curtains, crockery & such base ware.

The pleasure of moving, when Becky moves for You. O the moving Becky!

I hope you will come & warm the house with the first.

From my temporary domicile, Enfield

Elia, that is to go. —

AN INVITATION TO A "HOUSE-WARMING": Another letter from Charles Lamb to his friend, John Dibdin, in which he asks him to visit him in his new house at Enfield. This was written in September, 1827

But there was no house-warming, for the night before their actual departure from Islington, Mary was taken ill again, upset probably by all the trials connected with moving.

THE CROWN AND HORSESHOE AT ENFIELD: Lamb often went there to buy a jug of beer for his friends

So the last of the letters to Dibdin runs:

"My dear Dibdin—It gives me great pain to say that I cannot have the pleasure of seeing you for some time. We are in our house, but Mary has been seized with one of her periodical disorders—a temporary derangement—which commonly lasts for two months. You shall have the first notice of her convalescence . . . Yours most truly C. Lamb."

It brings a strange feeling to hold that letter in one's hands. All the other letters are written with a certain carelessness, words vary in size and formation according to speed or fancy; but there is a tightness about the writing of this last which, added to the unusually formal address, calls out reverence for the dignity of his grief. Penned in the new house, "the prettiest, compactest house I ever saw," that had no memory of happier hours to bring him comfort with the hope of their established return; with no Mary to tell him exactly where to find accustomed things in their new setting, and only an over-vehement servant whose affection, though sincere, must have added yet further suffering by its tactlessness—"We are in our house," but it is not yet "our new *home*."

This house at Enfield was destined to be the last real home the Lambs had, for after they had been there two years Charles realized that the responsibilities of housekeeping were too great a strain upon Mary's fragile mind; so, having disposed of all their possessions, they went to live as boarders in the house next door.

Chase Side, Enfield, is very much as it was in Lamb's day, and to one modern pilgrim at least it seemed more definitely to hold his ghost even than the Temple because, being empty, there was room for ghosts to stir.

(Continued on p. 140)

THE LAMB CENTENARY

(*Continued from p.* 139)

The Edmonton Cottage as it is To-day

HIS LAST HOME: *Above*—An interior view of the house in Edmonton where the essayist died on December 27, 1834. It is now owned by a Lamb enthusiast who bought it for £900 and has refused an offer for it of £6,000. *Right*—The present owner standing in the doorway

How many times did Dibdin cross that old garden step, and did he sometimes go with Charles to the Crown and Horseshoe up the road, where Lamb, drinking once with some murderers and their intended victim, laid himself open to a charge of complicity?

Chase Side saw the last of Lamb's young admirer, for after a trip to the Azores, Dibdin returned to the City, where the confined air of the counting-house hastened his death. And so, a long farewell "to Mr. Railton, the same to Mr. Rankin, to the whole Firm indeed."

If there was ever a Man in the Street it was Charles Lamb, with his passion for London pavements and their thronging life—singular only in this, that he could turn the commonplace into a pearly literature. But has he any kinship with his fellow in the street of to-day? Very little, perhaps; because the pleasures of the present age, more than its education and occupations, have created a gulf that is almost unpassable, while all but the strongest desires to bridge it are killed by the gloomy suggestion, "modern classic." "Talk to the public about Lamb," said a theatre manager, "and they'll think you mean something on a plate." Possibly so, yet here and there occurs an instance of the lie that forms a hidden part of any generalization.

A more intensive pilgrimage than usual took me to the house at Edmonton where Charles Lamb died. The door was opened by a grey-haired woman who, being caught at an untidy moment was justly resentful. People ought to write first, she said, and when it was convenient to let them in she charged sixpence. I intimated my eagerness to pay this small fee, but even then received no invitation to enter. When, however, I offered my credentials as a pilgrim she opened her door and her confidence. It seemed that, living in the neighbourhood, she had become interested in Charles Lamb and his works, and a desire grew in her to possess this particular house. There was little expectation that her desire would be fulfilled, for she had to work early and late to earn her own living, but she scraped and saved. A legacy being left her about the time the property came into the market, she was able to put up the purchase-price—£900. A further £400 then had to be spent on putting it into very necessary repair, for, as the title deeds show, the house dates back to the sixteen hundreds.

She was careful to employ an architect who would treat the place with reverence as well as expert knowledge, and her sensitiveness is also shown in the care with which she has chosen its furnishings—there are coloured prints round the walls of good repute though of small value, Mary Lamb's cupboard holds a coffee-service that belonged to Nelson's Lady Hamilton, while upstairs there is Mary's own washstand. The house looks as though the Lambs might have lived there just lately, given a few years' licence on the early Victorian furniture; there is no attempt at striving after a museum effect. But desire fulfilled often brings its own difficulties, and now all her money has gone, so that she has to take in lodgers to keep the longed-for roof over her head.

I suggested that she must have had many offers to sell the house. "Well, yes, I have," was her reply. "The last was from some Americans who wanted to turn it into a Lamb Club. They offered me £6,000. For a moment I *did* think what an easy life that would give me, and then I said, 'I'm sorry,' I said. 'I *like* Americans, but only English people ought to have Charles Lamb's house.'"

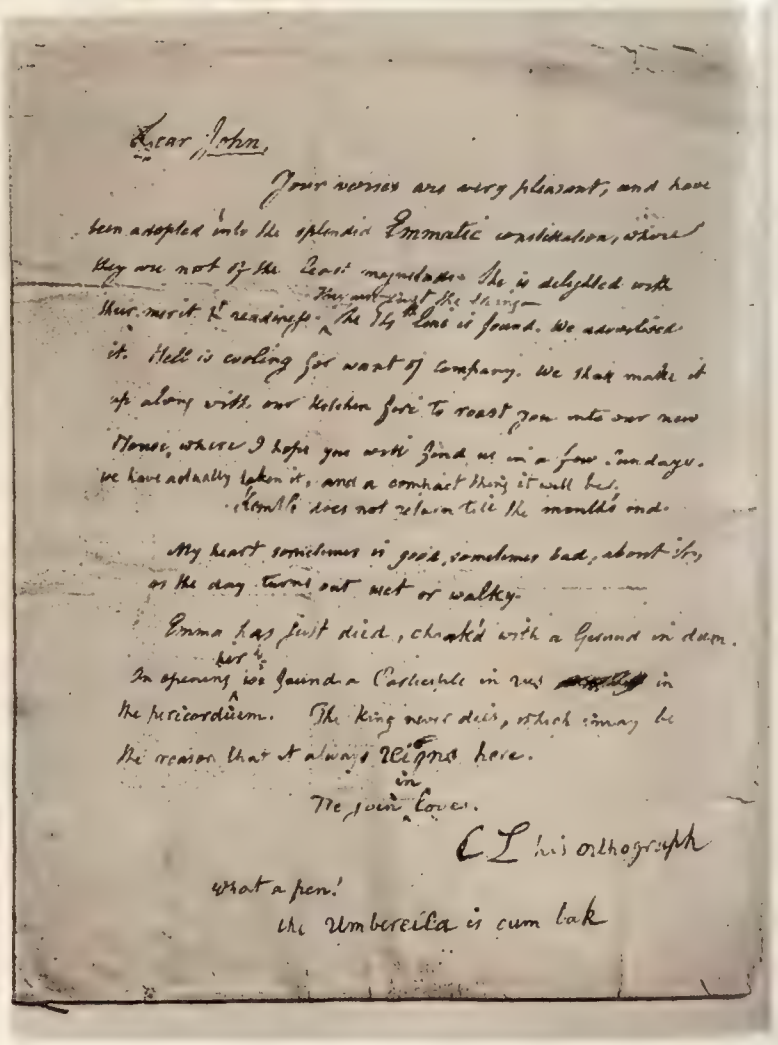
We are used to the paid caretaker of the houses of great men who can retail, with a lack of hesitation which carries with it small evidence of love, all the incidents associated with this room and that; but Miss Jessie Smith knows her "Elia" intimately, and treats him with a salty wit that he undoubtedly would have accepted as a tribute.

Out in the garden she showed me the bushes from which she intends to gather leaves for her own centenary wreath, and finally her last confidence came out: "People think I'm smart, charging sixpence to see the place—though after all it's my own, when all's said and done! I don't tell them I keep their sixpences to buy flowers for his grave—nobody ever seems to think of it but *me*."

I looked at her intelligent face, then round at the house which shone with her reverent care, and there came back to my mind lines from the poem published in *Temple Bar* for July 1886:—

"This man's identity, so sweet, so clear,
Could never die with death. We do not say
'I should have loved him had the self-same day
But found us living,' but 'I hold him dear
Now, at this moment'; and if patient ears
Wrapped in God's silence, dimly now and then
Catch echoes of the grateful love of men,
Charles Lamb rests happily thro' all these years."

Joan Temple



Dear John,

Your verses are very pleasant, and have been adopted into the splendid Emmatic constitution, where they are not of the least magnitude. She is delighted with their merit & readiness. They are just the thing—the 7th line is found. We advertised it. Hell is cooling for want of company. We shall make it up along with our kitchen fire to roast you into our new House, where I hope you will find us in a few Sundays. We have actually taken it, and a compact thing it will be.

Lamb does not return till the month's end.

My heart sometimes is good, sometimes bad, about it, as the day turns out wet or walky.

Emma has just died, chaked with a Gerund in dum. In opening her we found a Carticiple in us in the pericardium. The king never dies, which may be the reason that it always reigns here.

We join in loves.

C L his orthograph

What a pen!

the Umbereila is cum bak

IN A GARDEN SETTING: The Lamb house at Edmonton specially drawn for "The Sphere" by Percy Home. *Right*—A letter from Lamb to John Dibdin in which he playfully refers to the shortcomings of his adopted daughter as a student of Latin

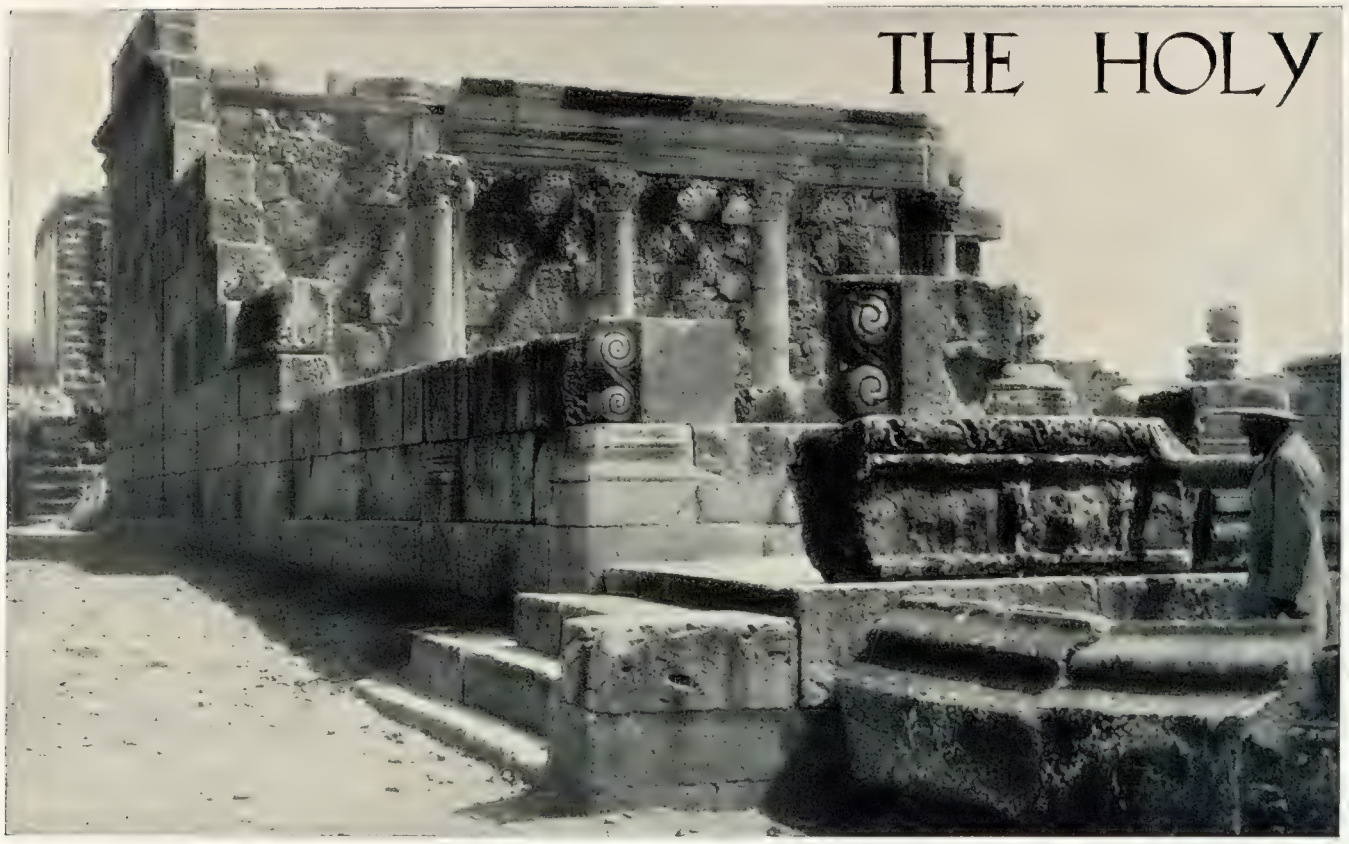
EDUCATING THE MAIDS OF JAPAN

YOUNG JAPAN TAKES TO THE AIR: Miss Margery Brown, a well-known American aviatrix, who is seen in the centre of the group in the foreground, joining in the toast at the inauguration of the flying school for women at Susaki, Tokyo. Japanese youth is rapidly becoming air-conscious and many young women are now taking lessons at the new school

LITTLE WOMEN LEARNING TO BE GOOD WIVES: While Japan is adopting all that she regards as best in the civilization of the West, she has not forgotten her own culture and traditions. The domestic virtues are still rated highly, and at this school in Tokyo young women are taught how to become model wives. It was only recently inaugurated, but already there are seventy students, many of them daughters of the country's leading industrialists and politicians

THE HOLY LAND

The Synagogue at Capernaum Restored: Treasures from King Ahab's Ivory House in Samaria



WHERE CHRIST TAUGHT: The site of the synagogue at Capernaum was discovered as long ago as 1865, and a subsequent examination showed that nearly all the original stones were lying in the vicinity. From this it was deduced that at some period the village must have been overwhelmed by an earthquake. The synagogue, which was built of a material resembling white marble, has now been rebuilt and, although lacking in some details, the visitor can obtain a very good idea of what it looked like in the time of Jesus. The cornices and friezes are elaborately embellished with various Jewish emblems, including the five-pointed star, the seven-branched candlestick, and a curious structure on wheels that is believed to represent the Ark of the Covenant

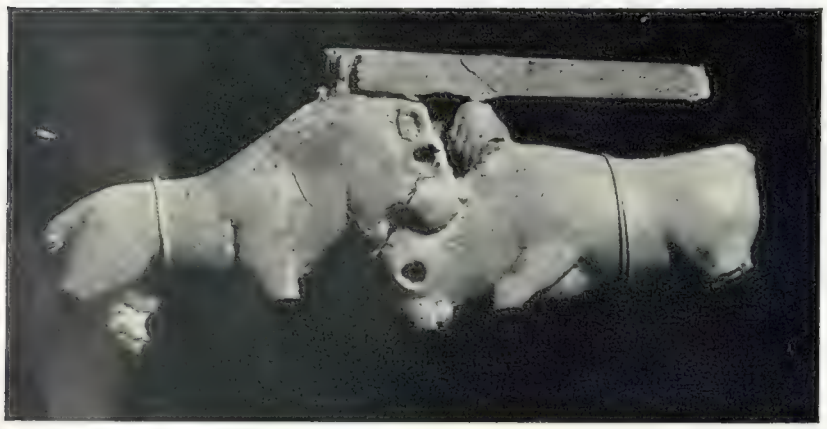
PROFESSOR KIRSOPP LAKE of Harvard University has recently returned to the United States from Samaria with a collection of twenty fragments from the famous "Ivory House," of Biblical history. The ivories, which are now on exhibition at Harvard, have been identified as belonging to the Palace of Ahab, King of Israel, and Jezebel of Tyre, his Queen, who ruled between 875 and 850 B.C.

The collection includes carved ivory pieces of great variety both in size and decoration. Some are pieces "in the round," some are plaques in low relief. Others are silhouettes, or "pierced work," and some are cut to receive coloured inlay. It is believed that the pieces were originally mortised into the throne, tables, couches, and cabinets of the palace and perhaps also in panellings for the walls. Some of the pieces were richly overlaid with gold, or inset with lapis lazuli and other coloured substances.

The discovery of the Samarian ivories has cast additional light on several problems which have long vexed students of Biblical history.

Ahab, Professor Lake states, was one of the strongest rulers of Israel. Through his marriage with Jezebel, he allied his kingdom with Phœnicia, the great trading nation of the Mediterranean, and thus made possible the introduction of new luxuries and new customs.

Among the foreign importations for which Jezebel was largely responsible was the worship of Baal. The Queen brought with her 450 priests of Baal, and each day, according to legend, Ahab and Jezebel brought their weight in gold to sacrifice before the idol. It was this corruption and extravagance which finally stirred the Israelites to revolt.



"A LION TEARING A BULL": A fragment discovered by Professor Kirsopp Lake of Harvard University, in the Ivory House of King Ahab in Samaria. It is in moderate preservation

THE OLD BIBLE NARRATIVES contain several references to the "ivory house" of Ahab and Jezebel, and it has long been a symbol of the splendour and luxury of these idolatrous rulers of Israel. Until recently, however, no trace of this ivory house had ever been found.

In the First Book of Kings (xxii, 39) the ivory house is given as one of the great achievements of Ahab. Later, the prophet Amos voices the divine wrath against the Samarians for their sinful ways, and declares, "The houses of ivory shall perish, and the great houses shall have an end." Again, he writes, "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion and trust in the mountain of Samaria . . . that lie upon beds of ivory and stretch themselves upon their couches."

Excavations by the Harvard party showed that the palace of Ahab stood on the summit of the hill of Samaria, in a vast open court, covering perhaps seven or eight acres of ground. The court was surrounded by massive walls, and the great find of ivories was made just inside the north wall. Several thousand fragments were discovered, but many of them were blackened and destroyed by fire. Some thirty or forty ivories were recovered in an excellent state of preservation, and a careful study has been made of their workmanship and design.

FOUND IN THE PALACE OF ISRAEL'S IDOLATROUS RULER: These two ivory panels adorned the walls of the Ivory House, the greatest existing monument to the splendour and luxury obtaining in Israel at the time of Ahab

The excavations in Samaria have been carried on during the past three years by a joint expedition including scholars from Harvard, the Palestine Exploration Fund, the British School of Jerusalem, and the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. During this period partial excavations were made of approximately one-half of the ancient city of Samaria. The members of the expedition from Harvard were Professor and Mrs. Kirsopp Lake and Dr. Robert P. Blake, Director of the Harvard University Library.

Of the ivories which have been discovered, the majority are now in the collections of the Palestine Museum of Antiquities, and the balance have been divided between the Palestine Exploration Fund Museum in London and the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard.

OBSCURED BY TIME: A plaque in low relief from Ahab's Ivory House which is supposed to show a winged lion standing before a flowering tree

TAPPING UNSEEN WATERS

Some English Artesian Wells

A NATURAL FOUNTAIN: Water flowing from the head of an artesian well bored for Messrs. Horlick's of Slough. It descends about 1,000 ft. into the lower greensand formation and yields an average of 250,000 gallons an hour. Many London factories, business houses, and hotels, have their own wells, the borings being sunk through a series of strata to a water-carrying bed enclosed between two impermeable layers

WHEN PUMPS ARE UNNECESSARY: An artesian well at Slough showing the water rising to a height of 35 ft. above the ground by natural hydrostatic pressure. Few of the wells in England approach the depths of those in the United States, where in some parts of the country they descend over 5,000 ft.

A DAILY YIELD OF 2,100,000 GALLONS: A new artesian well which supplies the Swindon reservoir. It was opened a few weeks ago by Sir E. Hilton-Young, Minister of Health, and was made by Messrs. Isler under the direction of Mr. J. B. M. Thompson, engineer to the Swindon Council

46-IN. DIAMETER CORES removed from a boring for the South Staffordshire Waterworks at Chilcote

BORING WITH ROPE AND DROP TOOLS: This system is extensively employed in the making of artesian and oil wells. After the percussion drill has broken up the ground beneath it, the cylindrical grab, which is seen on the right, is lowered into the hole to remove the debris

The first artesian wells in Europe were bored in the French province of Artois, and it was thus that the name Artesian originated. In a Carthusian convent at Lillers there is a well in which the flow has continued since the twelfth century

d

SUNSET IN PENANG HARBOUR: Here as in Singapore, 400 miles away, there is considerable activity these days Although the white population of the island is not more than 600, a military hospital is being built with a thousand beds, while the defence force is being greatly strengthened

THE SIGNI

TO CALL the little island of Singapore a Gibraltar is correct only in as much as Gibraltar conjures up a sense of something solid and strong.

Singapore, on the other hand, suggests torrid heat, rubber planters, beachcombers, and gin slings. Nevertheless, even though the war clouds now gathering over the Pacific may blow away, the next generation of English people will be saying "a veritable Singapore" when they refer to something of exceptional durability.

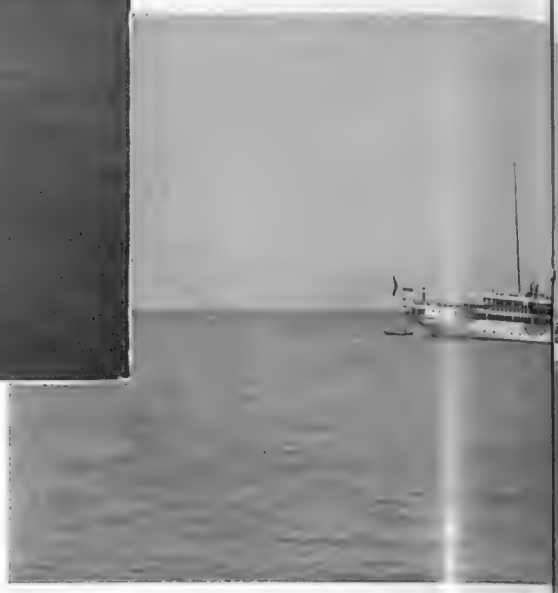
Singapore is a British island of 217 miles in area with a population of about half-a-million. It lies just north of the Equator. Approaching Singapore is like entering the steam-room of a Turkish bath; no sun, but a heat that makes your clothes dampish. Singapore appears like a bluish smudge on the horizon; when one gets closer, the blue becomes green, and out of the mist of heat comes a sight like the tropical glasshouses of Kew; a luxuriant vegetation such as only the tropics can provide.

The scene ashore—I am noting first impressions—recalls the first act of most musical comedies at Daly's Theatre under the reign of the late Mr. George Edwardes. Nice clean linen suits, white topees; mem-sahibs in white linen and garden-party broad-brimmed hats. Rickshaws, coolies, fat Chinese merchants, lean-limbed Empire builders; more rickshaws, more motor cars. You go walking and realize the piquancy of Mr. Noel Coward's statement that mad dogs and Englishmen stay out in the mid-day sun, but there are no mad dogs to be seen.

And so, to Raffles in a rickshaw. Many tourists believe that the famous hotel of Singapore was named after the hero of Mr. Hornung's book, Raffles, the gentleman burglar. Indeed, the fictitious hero of the novel is better known than Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, first President of the Zoological Society of London, who died in 1826, after filling numerous governmental situations out East, writing many valuable treatises on botanical and zoological subjects—and leaving his name on the tablets of Malaya fame because they call the principal hotel after him.

With tall glasses containing cherry-coloured ambrosial concoctions, planters and merchants sit and discuss the price of rubber and tin. That they have done for years and years. Now, they begin their discussions with local interests, but before many sips of the cherry-coloured liquid have been taken the discussion takes a national trend: war in the Pacific, plus the burning question of when the Base will be finished.

Singapore Base was originally scheduled to be completed in 1937–1938–1939. Often it is said at home that the first Labour Government stopped work on the Base. That is not accurate; work was slowed up, but was never stopped. Now, it is being accelerated and more than accelerated. Instead of being completed in 1939, the Base will be ready next year, 1935—the year Japan calls the "year of crisis." I said not only was there acceleration. That is quite true; the sum of £4,765,000 recently voted represents a definite move to speed up the work. It will be of interest to students of politics to remember that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was the Prime Minister of a Labour Government which slowed up construction, as well as the Prime Minister of a National Government which caused Singapore to become the greatest naval and military base in the world.



HOW THE GOVERNOR OF THE STRAITS yacht at anchor

NIGHT ON THE WATERFRONT: The illuminations round the Telok Ayer Basin in the port of Singapore

THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE: His Excellency, Sir Cecil Clementi, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Straits Settlements, with his wife and daughter, his private secretary, and his Aide-de-Camp. He is to be succeeded by Sir Shenton Thomas in October

FICANCE OF THE SOUTH CHINA SEA

Why Britain is Strengthening Her Naval, Military, and Air Base at Singapore

By H. J. GREENWALL

The fact that I link the word military with the word naval may cause some surprise, because usually Singapore is looked upon solely as a naval and air base. Circumstances have changed, however, and there are vital reasons, questions of the safety of the British Empire, which have caused a change of plans.

The famous Grand Hotel in Singapore has been closed to the public and is being pulled down. It will be replaced by a block of flats for ninety-eight officers and their families. This will provide some idea of the potential importance of Singapore as a military base.

Other military developments are the building of a hospital with 1,000 beds at Penang, where the present entire white population is not more than 600; the fostering of civil flying clubs; and, most importantly, the intensification of territorial units trained by retired sergeant-majors brought out from Great Britain. In

SETTLEMENTS TRAVELS: The official outside Singapore

Penang there are four territorial companies, one British, one Indian, one Chinese, and one Malaya. But to return to Singapore.

Approximately £500,000 of the newly voted money will go into the military side of the Base this year, covering the cost of a heavy battery and increased air batteries, while approximately £750,000 will go to the naval side. The Malaya garrison is to be increased from 1,512 to 2,333 men. By the end of this year the Base will have cost £7,000,000 leaving another £4,000,000 to be spent to complete the work.

Chinese labourers to the number of 8,000 are being used to speed up the work on the Base. There are in addition 4,000 native Malaya and about 2,000 Indians. The number of workmen in the "Forbidden Zone" has been increased from 5,000 to 14,000.

Japan is doing her utmost to learn the secrets of the "Forbidden Zone," to which no one can obtain access without a special pass, granted only after exhaustive enquiries. Japanese spies are causing very great trouble in Singapore and numerous arrests and deportations have been made. Recently there was a round-up of a number of Japanese spies disguised as Chinese pedlars. Previous to the World War the Germans used several German barbers in England as espionage "letter-boxes." The Japanese, as ever excellent copyists, have been trying to open barber shops in Singapore, but have been discouraged. Not long ago a Japanese tried to open a barber shop at the foot of the bridge in Singapore, a very useful strategic position.

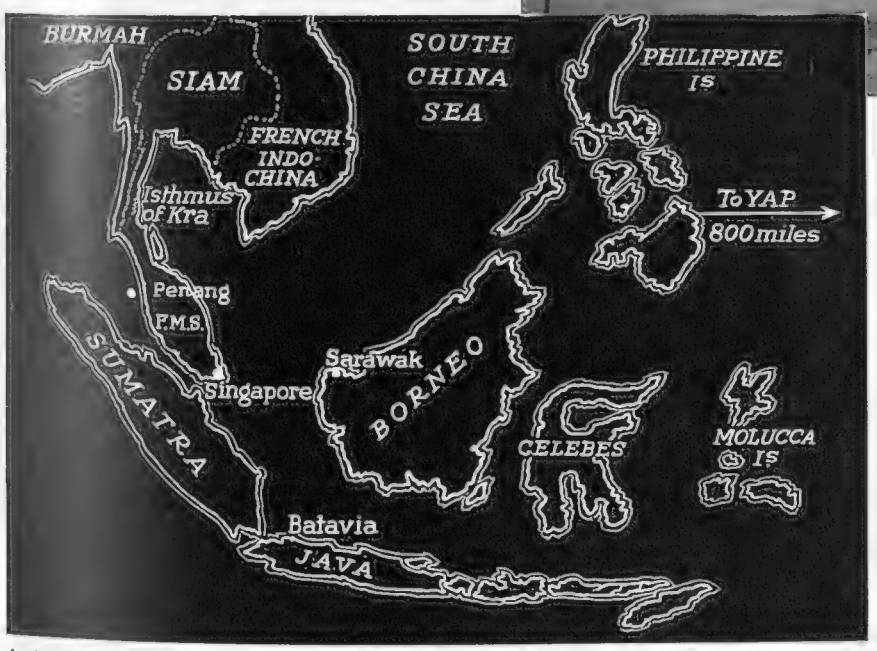
The Naval Conference held in Singapore on January 27 this year was the object of many intelligent guesses. The main lines of the discussion were:

(1) What should be done were war to break out in the Pacific before the Base is finished? It was decided by the Admirals that the basic naval policy of Great Britain, since the Imperial Naval Conference, should be adhered to for the protection of Singapore and Hong Kong.

(2) What should be done should Japan push farther into Northern China? It was decided that positions in South China would have to be strengthened in order to protect British trading interests.

(3) The question of the Dutch East Indies was discussed. This point gave rise to the International Rubber Agreement.

The Dutch had refused to subscribe to the Stevenson Agreement. Since that abortive agreement was made the Dutch Government has been troubled by acuteCommunist disturbances in Java and Sumatra, and the Government of The Hague has further been disturbed by reports that Japan was looking with envious eyes on the rich oil wells of the Dutch Indies. In consideration for the Dutch signing the Rubber Agreement, the Admirals at their Singapore Conference in January reached an agreement to co-operate with the Dutch naval forces in the South Seas as soon as any emergency arose, and to establish and maintain close contact with the Dutch forces to prevent, if possible, a breach of the peace.



A STRATEGIC POINT: A sketch map of the South China Sea and of the territories surrounding it. 700 miles north of Singapore is the 60-mile-wide Isthmus of Kra where the Siamese, financed by the Japanese, are said to be contemplating building a canal

How will Japan react to the strengthening and speeding up of the Singapore Base? In Tokyo this year leading statesmen told me the Japan Government looked upon the new developments in Singapore as a menace to their country. Secret reports received in London prove that the completion of the Base at a date earlier than the date scheduled may very well prevent war in the Pacific by discouraging Japan from carrying out her fixed plan to spread her Pan-Asiatic drive towards the Middle East. Great Britain is in the position of a man who lives in a cottage in a disturbed district and who puts a strong door in his cottage to keep marauders out. Singapore is the £11,000,000 door.

But Japan is seeking to counteract the powers of what is to be the greatest military, naval, and air base in the world. Japan has looked for the Heel of Achilles in Singapore, and in Siam she thinks she has found it. There used to be twenty-nine British advisers and eighteen French advisers attached to the various departments of the Bangkok Government but now only three British advisers and two French advisers are left. They have been replaced by Japanese advisers. The present Government at Bangkok is alleged to be strongly under the influence of Japan.

Approximately 600 miles north of Singapore and just south of Victoria Point, the southernmost spot in Burma, is a narrow piece of land known as the Isthmus of Kra. It is between fifty and sixty miles in breadth and is in Siamese territory. Japan is reported to be preparing to finance the digging of a canal across the isthmus; the canal, of course, to be nominally Siamese, but in reality Japanese, and a potential naval base—"Japan's answer to Singapore." The scheme, as a scheme, is not new. The French had the idea some years ago as a protection for the French colony of Indo-China, but when an air service between France and the Colony was inaugurated the canal scheme was dropped, but the Japanese took it up with fervour.

A MODERN HOME IN MALAYA: Note the overhanging roof which shelters the upper windows of the house from the full glare of the sun

The Japanese have persuaded the Siamese Government not to allow the Chinese population of Siam any diplomatic representation, not even a consul, and as there are about 600,000 Chinese in Siam it is a serious matter. The Japanese impress the Siamese to co-operate with them to maintain what they call peace and security in that part of the world, and point out that unless the Siamese stand by the Japanese, Siam will be cut up between the British on one side and the French on the other.

The impression prevails out East that the Japanese point of view has succeeded because Siam has appointed Japanese advisers to the Ministries of War, Navy, Railways and Communications, Education, and many other governmental departments. Incidentally, it is interesting to recall that Siam alone among the members of the League of Nations did not vote against Japan in the Lytton Report debate. But, quite oblivious of the threat to its importance, the work of making Singapore a barrier against Japan proceeds ceaselessly. Until Singapore is finished the nearest British naval base to the Pacific is Malta, 10,000 miles away.

The fact that Japan considers this Gibraltar of the Far East a menace to her security is not borne out by the facts of the case. Nobody can possibly believe that Great Britain has any idea of an offensive war against Japan, and Singapore, therefore, is the costly premium Great Britain has to pay for an insurance policy on the British Empire against the possibility of a Japanese breach of the peace.

Three-quarters of the dwellers within the British Empire live in territory which will be defended by Singapore.

The rickshaws carry the neatly dressed mem-sahibs to join their sahibs for tiffin at Raffles. When it is cooler and before the quick oncoming night there may be a little tennis.

Tin at tiffin and rubber during dinner are almost as unavoidable as the inevitable film after dinner, but at the moment there is something that transcends even tin and rubber: what is going on inside the most secret place in the world to-day—the Forbidden Zone which will eventually bolt and bar the door to the Middle East?

SUMMER IN THE

WAYSIDE GREETINGS

A climbing party on its way up the lower slopes of an Engadine mountain

A CHANGE OF FOOTWEAR

A WELCOME HALT

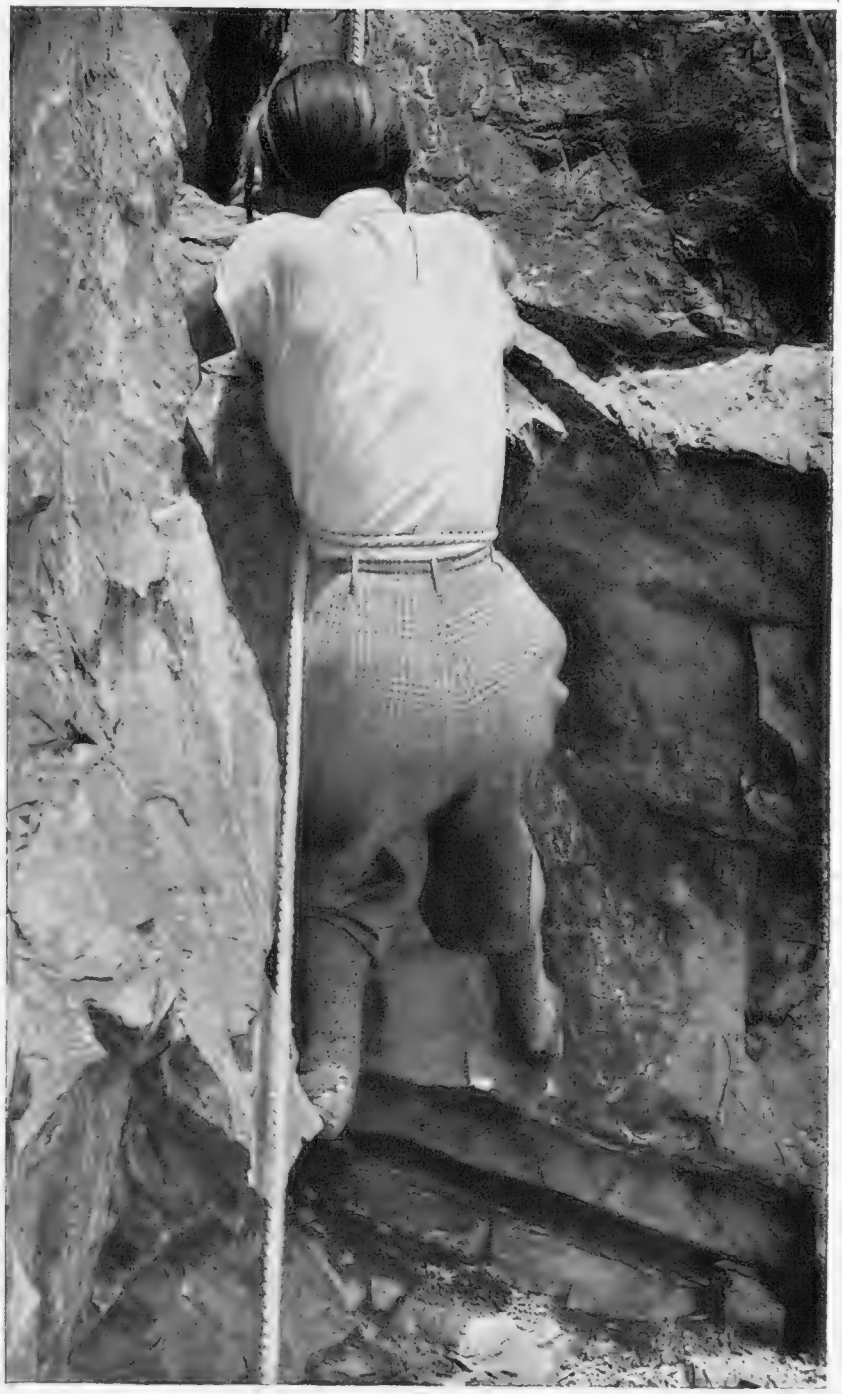
After the ardours of the climb, the party pauses for a short rest

SAFETY FIRST

Roping tog[illegible] a difficult [illegible] as[illegible]

ALPS : *Youth Climbs the Heights of the Engadine*

As the nature of the ground alters the climber removes her light shoes and dons heavy boots



Surmounting an overhanging portion of the rock face

SECURELY ROPED

...er before ...art of the ...nt

A map and a sense of direction are essential to the mountaineer

WHERE SIGNPOSTS ARE LACKING

The successful storming of an Alpine citadel

THE SUMMIT OF ACHIEVEMENT

WHERE MEN are MACHINES and MACH

ONCE A MARSHLAND: A general view of the Ford factory. One building alone covers twenty-eight acres

IN THE COURSE of the past three years I must have seen almost every kind of factory—cigarettes, silk stockings, scent, rubber, beer, and motor cars—but I have seen nothing that begins to approach the stupendous works of Mr. Ford at Dagenham on the marshland of Essex, only 12 miles from London. One single building covers 28 acres. I must have walked up and down it three times, and got quite dizzy in the process.

Each time one visits a modern factory one is reminded again of that film fantasy of Rene Clair, *A Nous la Liberté*. It gives one quite a creepy feeling to realize that practically everything except the walls is on the move. These endless conveyors convey anything and everything at an infinitely slow yet noticeable speed. As they move along, workmen hammer something in or polish something else while they are still in their orbit.

Marvellous though this mass-production is at Dagenham—a motor car is being completed and driven away every two minutes, and it takes only thirteen minutes to assemble all its component parts—it is not the engineering shops that leave you with the most vivid impression. What really stuns the sightseer—and there are 5,000 of them every month—is the gigantic blast furnace, the fantastic coke ovens, and the other parts of the factory which turn the raw material of iron ore, limestone, and so on, into workable metal.

As you arrive you are told that to make the factory possible, piles were driven deep into the marsh land and an immense shaft of concrete put down on which the factory stands. On the edge of that section of the Thames known as Dagenham Reach, the eye is first caught by a vast jetty 1,800 ft. long, and able to accommodate 12,000-ton ocean-going vessels. Here the raw material arrives from all parts of the world, and from here the cars, when complete, are shipped off to anywhere, like Bombay or Reykjavik. I should guess that it is at least 60 ft. high. Certainly the giant unloaders can handle 600 tons of raw material each hour with grabs that can be turned in any direction. These transporter cranes are unique in Europe, as also is the vast green hopper underneath. As the coal, limestone, or iron ore arrives, an electric locomotive takes it off along the high line to the store yard, where as much as 130,000 tons of raw material can be dumped.

THE FIRST thing you learn about this factory is that there is no waste at all. All the coal dust, iron-ore dust, and iron filings travel up endless conveyors on their way to the blast furnace by way of the sintering plant, the only one of its kind in this country. It is hot work watching all this waste material passing over red-hot coal-gas burners on which it is fused at a temperature of 1,800 deg. F. A few yards farther along you see water being dripped on to it shortly before the fused mass, resembling clinker, is automatically broken into pieces of convenient size and conveyed to the blast furnace. This is the only one in the South of England, and again reminds you of the films—this time *Metropolis*. It produces 500 tons of pig iron every twenty-four hours, which involves feeding into the furnace 2,000 tons of coal, limestone, and ore. It makes one hot just to look through the tiny peep-hole of violet-coloured glass at the white heat in the very centre of the furnace. What is even more fascinating is to see the stream of molten metal pouring from the furnace when a "tapping" of the pig iron is made. Unfortunately I did not see this, though I gather that it was done specially for the Prince of Wales on his recent visit.

AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE COKE OVEN PLANT: where thousands of tons of coal are carbonized every day

THE TRADE SCHOOL AT DAGENHAM where boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen are paid 6d. an hour while undergoing a course of training in the work of the factory

Then there is the dry-quenching plant. This is also unique in Great Britain. Instead of the old-fashioned business of pouring water over the red-hot coke, gases are used to convert the heat into steam for factory purposes. Just beside it is the by-product plant, which again emphasizes the fact that there is no wastage of any kind at Dagenham. Here the gases and whatever else is left from the carbonizing process are treated to produce the by-products of tar obtained from coal.

FROM EVERY 1,000 TONS of coal you get in addition to the 750 tons of coke as much as 13 tons of ammonium sulphate, 10,000 gallons of tar, and 3,000 gallons of motor spirit. This is all automatically worked by a clock. One single machine combines in it the coke pusher, the leveller, and the door extractor. When I tell you that the oven chimney is 10 ft. in diameter and 226 ft. above the ground level, you can get some idea of it. When you are actually there your

INES are HUMAN

A Visit to the Gigantic Ford Factory at Dagenham

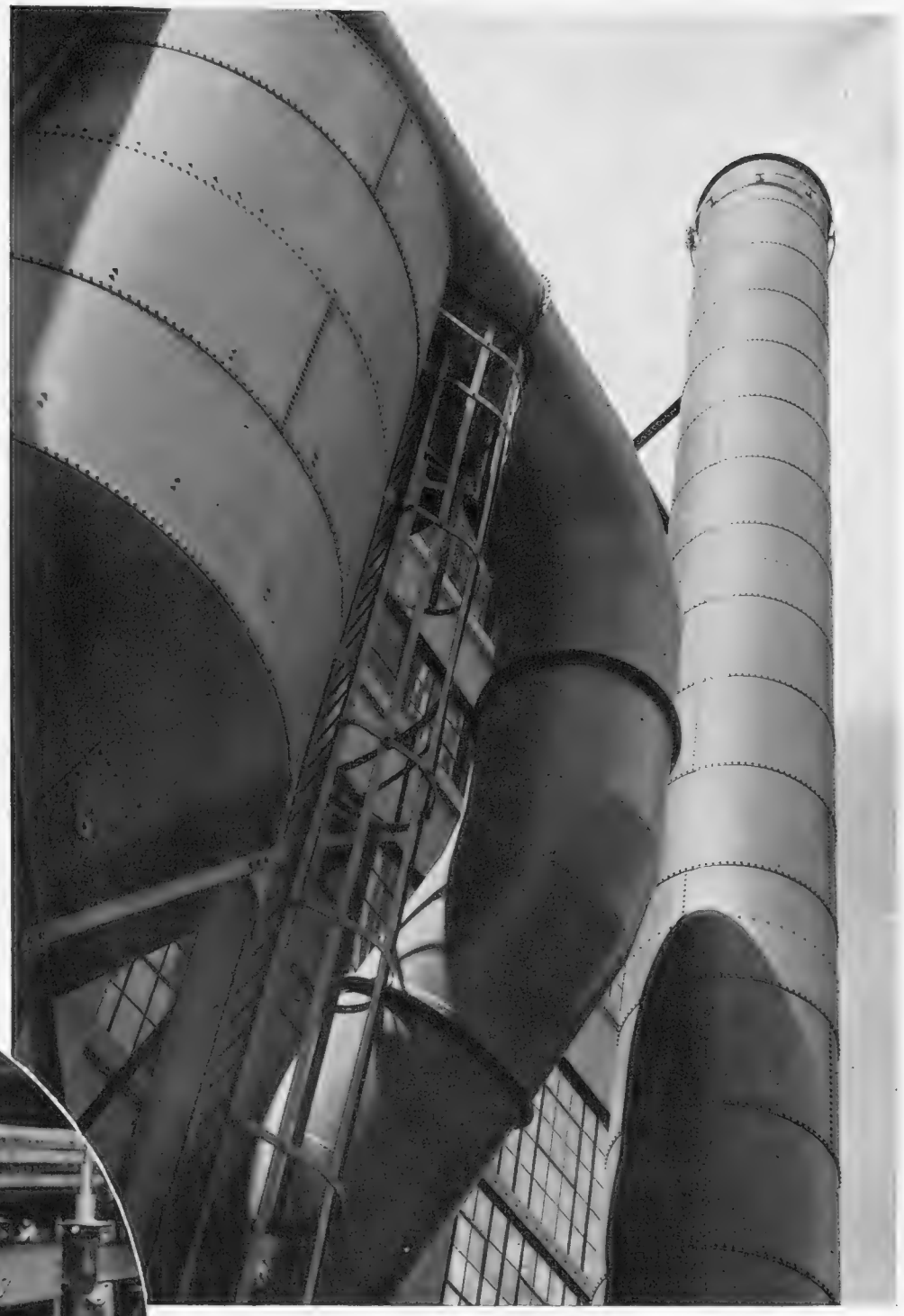
By CHARLES GRAVES

mind becomes dazed by the immensity of it all. I have not yet discovered what "boosting" gas means, but apparently there is plant here which can boost 7,000,000 cubic ft. of gas a day to a pressure of 5 lbs. per square in.

WHEN you reach the pig-iron moulding machine you can only think of Dante's Inferno while you watch the molten iron being poured into mould conveyors. This is another example of automatic handling. The process is continuous from the time the metal is poured from the ladle until the "pigs" drop out at the end of the conveyor into the rail car. Then there is the foundry and the core-drying ovens. By this time one badly needs a drink and a cigarette, but smoking is forbidden and so is alcohol. The only time the latter rule is ever broken is on a Royal visit. So off you go again to the hot-metal shop and watch gnome-like men in coloured goggles, tall boots, blue trousers and aprons, pushing the white-hot cylinder blocks along as they dangle suspended from an overhead track. A few yards away you see a series of Brock's Benefits. That is the slack (the scum on the molten metal) being blown off in gales of sparks. The noise to a newcomer is almost intolerable, though the men become used to it within an hour or two after being employed there.

By this time the visitor's head reels with references to disintegrators, dust collectors, clinker and sinter. He learns about mystic, the beige-coloured fluid which is poured on the tools to keep them cool. He is shown

ASSEMBLY: Putting together rear axles. The work is carried out by skilled men at an extraordinary speed



THE CHIMNEY OF THE BLAST FURNACE: Here 500 tons of pig iron are produced every twenty-four hours

the electric motors which by the pressing of a button open the windows. He is told all about castings and the milling blocks. He sees men climbing a cathedral of girders to put up the largest neon light in Europe.

AT LONG LAST he emerges into the comparative peace of the Pay Department and discovers that every day is pay-day at Dagenham. More than 7,000 people are employed there at the moment, so different departments receive their wages on different days. Next door is the investment room where the men are encouraged to put away their surplus wages. In this part of the factory there is also an admirable dispensary, an operating theatre where, by the by, the men are given their anæsthetic in kindly fashion before they see the table. There is also a little ward with three beds where a workman can rest for an hour or so if he has had a jar, and return to work without losing his wages during the period he is absent from his job. The slightest injury to any workman must be reported by him to the doctor on pain of dismissal. There is a motor ambulance, and also a rather grim-looking cane and canvas strap jacket for pulling an injured employee out of a hole or off a roof. Near by you see white-coated bacteriologists testing drinking-water and mystic expert chemists can be seen through glass windows testing every kind of sample which comes in. In a corner of the laboratory is a huge bulb turning alternating current into direct current. A purple glow is given off on top with a pale green bubbling effect at the bottom.

What else can I recall from the maelstrom of impressions left by this visit? Well, there was the pretty green flame that I saw in front of a man who was building up a radiator. There was the workman who can put 625 tyres on to a similar number of wheels in eight hours. There was what looked like a couple of full-sized railway stations in which cars were being loaded for export. There was the Boys' Training School where a hundred lads between the ages of fourteen and eighteen—most of them with their school caps on their heads—were repairing gauges and learning the job at 6d. an hour. There were the spraying booths in the tractor department. There was the power house which can supply the power, lighting, and heating requirements for a town of 100,000 inhabitants. There was the machine for testing paint, one side of it producing the exact effect of continuous hot sunshine and the other of a continuous drizzle. There was the anemometer on the top of the jetty which brakes the wheels of the cranes automatically when the wind is over thirty-five miles an hour. There was the amusing flat steel tray flush with the ground being drawn along behind a towing chassis with a couple of pails and a mop on it. Finally there was a huge muddy-looking circular pool where the thousands of gallons of water drawn out of the Thames for cooling purposes were being purified before their return to Father Thames.

ONLY a few hundred yards away can be seen the huge buildings where the bodies of the cars are made by Messrs. Briggs; and the wheels are made by Messrs. Kelsey, Hayes. If one is ultimately able to focus the terrific intricate whole, one is left with an impression of continuous, spotless, and immensely powerful movement from the original arrival of the raw material to the ultimate moment when the highly polished, spick-and-span new motor car gets a gentle nudge from behind as it reaches the top of the quay and is then driven out into the sunshine away to the purchaser. It is an astounding piece of organization in buildings so big that a lorry looks like a hand-truck. Everyone is in step, and though I did not see, as far as I know, a single overseer or foreman, the men were working harder than I have ever seen in any factory.

Work flows from one end of each building to the other without an ebb or a whirlpool. This is largely guaranteed by the medical examination which every new employee has to receive before he gets a job, as a result of which he is advised as to the suitability of the work he wants to his physique. But what really beats me is what would happen if by any chance there was a stoppage. It seems incredible to visualize synchronizing everything to start again simultaneously. And yet one knows that this must be perfectly simple.

If you also have been left with a dazed impression by this account, go there yourself. You will be, I am convinced, just as dazed as I am.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE UNEMPLOYMENT ASSISTANCE BOARD, the new body which is taking over from the local authorities the administration of transitional benefit and Poor Law relief. Left to right—Sir Ernest Strohmenger (deputy chairman), Sir Henry Betterton (chairman), Dr. Thomas Jones, Miss Violet Markham, Professor H. M. Hallsworth, and Mr. M. Reynard

A DISTINGUISHED TRIO: Sir Landon Ronald, Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, and Sir John McEwen, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, with Sir Edward German (right), who a few days ago opened the new offices at Copyright House, near Cavendish Square, London, of the Performing Right Society. The main function of this organization is to defend the interests of over 26,000 British and foreign composers

VISITING HIS OLD SCHOOL: The Prince of Wales inspecting cadets at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. It was here that he was trained before his appointment as a midshipman in 1911

THE DUTCH DOLE RIOTS

Not an Indication of Serious National Unrest

AFTER THE MUTINY of the *Zeven Provincien*, early last year, the bloody riots of a few weeks ago. Both came to the people of Holland as bolts out of the blue, and both have served to strengthen, rather than weaken, traditional authority.

The *Zeven Provincien* turned the Dutch Socialists into ardent Royalists. Perhaps the "dole" riots will discover in them an increased respect for law and order; for they seem to be taking pains to avoid identification with the recent serious incidents. They are wise. If Socialism is to survive in Holland, as in many other countries, it must keep very still for a year or two and let the Communists on the one side and the National-Socialists on the other, hold the limelight.

The rioting in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, The Hague, and some of the smaller Dutch cities, may have given abroad the impression that Holland stands in serious danger of continued and perhaps disastrous political disorder. That impression gives an exaggerated significance to more or less organized "rowdyism," inspired in the first place by Communist agitators, and pursued in a spirit of smash and plunder by the underworld of the big cities. Organized labour had very little to do with it. There is even no direct proof that organized Communism was responsible. The police have been unable to lay their hands upon a single recognized Communist leader.

THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE of the riots is the dissatisfaction of the unemployed with the amount of the dole, which has just been reduced. The Dutch system of unemployment relief involves the payment by the State of a specified sum to each of the municipal authorities, the sum varying per head of unemployed according to the classification of the municipality. In a closely populated city the amount per head is greater than in an agricultural centre, where the cost of living is lower. As much as from 16 to 25 Dutch florins (roughly £2 3s. to £3 8s.) per head, with an addition for each child, was paid in Amsterdam, against an average of 9 to 12 florins in the smaller agricultural centres.

The new reductions, which took effect from July 1, amount in some cases to as much as 30 per cent., and hit the larger cities, which are themselves in serious financial difficulties and therefore unable to make up even a part of the difference, severely. Hence it is that the riots have been confined chiefly to Amsterdam and Rotterdam. There is, of course, a certain amount of unrest in the smaller towns which have received a low classification, but there is very little prospect of the Amsterdam and Rotterdam disorders being generally repeated.

For one thing, the police have been given a pretty free hand with their firearms; and that takes much of the fun out of riots. "All disorder such as the breaking-up of thoroughfares, erecting of barricades, destruction of lamp-posts, etc., must be met, if necessary, with the use of firearms," runs a police order. Such orders are, of course, taken literally, sometimes too literally. The number of dead and wounded at the end of the Amsterdam riot was quite respectable. During the riots in Rotterdam part of the city was placed under what was virtually martial law; and in both cities the police were strongly reinforced by military and marine detachments with machine-guns and armoured cars. The display of armed might is probably regrettable. It has at least been effective.

It is claimed in certain quarters that the disturbances were spontaneous. It is difficult to reconcile that claim with the fact that riot broke out simultaneously in sixteen different parts of the city of Amsterdam. That the Communists had chosen the opportunity provided by the dole reductions to carry their guerilla warfare a stage further, is fairly plain. During the days of the riots there was published in *De Tribune*, a Communist daily paper issued at Amsterdam, a manifesto from the party branch in the Jordaan, which was the chief centre of the disorders. The manifesto called upon the workers to "action, but not yet revolution!" It gave instructions concerning the method which the riots should follow, and, by implication if nothing else, gave to the Communist Party the responsibility for the uproar.

OPEN responsibility is not, however, admitted, and Prime Minister Colijn has just stated, in reply to a question in Parliament, that no direct connection between the Communist agitation in *De Tribune*, and the riots in Amsterdam and Rotterdam, can be proved. On the whole, it is probably considered by the Communists to have been a clever bit of work. A few men and women killed, a few more wounded; many shops and houses plundered; streets pulled up, bridges fired, lamp-posts broken down; and not a single Communist leader behind prison bars! To be sure, *De Tribune* has been forbidden publication for a few days, and the Communist leaders in Parliament have been snubbed by the Minister, but that hurts no one.

Meanwhile, the Jordaan is licking its sores. The Jordaan is normally perhaps the most amusing quarter of Amsterdam. In some respects it resembles London's East End, but is more definite in character. It is the quarter of the Amsterdam coster, who, like his brother of London, is a sentimental, open-hearted, humorous fellow with very strong prejudices and a tremendous belief in himself and his quarter. The Jordaan is also the resort of Amsterdam's underworld; and it is this brotherhood which probably formed the chief element in the more destructive phases of the Amsterdam riots. The percentage of real unemployed workmen engaged in the riot as a protest against the lowering of the dole, is likely to have been much smaller than that of the professional criminal and hooligan.

Of general organized, or even underground, unrest there are no signs beyond those which must be expected at a period of industrial and financial crisis. The lowering of unemployment relief naturally is not greeted by the workmen with cheers; but having, either themselves or by proxy, broken a few windows and pulled up a number of streets, their fury has worn off. A great deal depends upon how much longer the crisis will endure in Holland, and how many more economy measures of this kind must be introduced. It is already stated that in the next financial year the Government will be obliged to make still further drastic efforts to cut down expenses, and, unfortunately, it is usually on the social side that the efforts must be made. Hope lies in the Government's plan to subsidize public works to the amount of 60,000,000 florins, by which a great many of the workless from cities and big industrial centres will be placed, at a relatively low scale of wages, upon such work as road and bridge building, canal and dyke construction, etc. Meanwhile the Jordaaners, dangling a salted *haring* above their good-humoured mouths, will get back on to good terms with the Amsterdam police.

Roy Elston

BY APPOINTMENT

~On His Majesty's Service~

A "DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGE"

Mystery surrounds the identity of the distinguished personage whose world-famous features have now been immortalised in this brilliant portrait by Miss Anna Zinkeisen. Little is known of him beyond the fact that he is an authority on good living and a fine judge of cigarettes, and that his favourite motto is, "De Reszke—of course!"

CACTI: Grotesque Plants from the Sun-scorched American Deserts

A POPULAR VARIETY: The Phyllocactus Crenatus. It produces a magnificent flower and, even out of its native country, can be grown with little difficulty. It needs no special treatment

THE OPUNTIA RAFINESQUII: This plant is better known as the prickly pear. Its bulky stem stores a large supply of water, which many a time has saved the lives of thirsty desert travellers

ARMED WITH FORMIDABLE SPIKES: Another example of the Echinocactus

ECHINOCACTUS HEXAIDROPHORUS: Brilliant flowers and a grotesque stem

A PLANT THAT THRIVES IN DROUGHT CONDITIONS: The exquisite Echinocactus Plumosa

There are fashions in plants as in other things, and at the present moment the growing of Cacti appears to be extremely popular. Many enthusiasts attended this week the exhibition arranged at the Royal Horticultural Hall by the Cactus and Succulent Society, where numerous varieties of these grotesque plants were on view.

Though they come from the sun-scorched plains of Arizona and the blazing rocks of Mexico, Cacti do well under glass in this country, and may even flourish in a sunny window if protected from damp and frost. As they need very little water and attention they are the ideal plants for the amateur with little time for gardening.

There are so many branches of this eccentric family that only a very few can be discussed here. The Phyllocactus are the most common and may be seen in cottage windows up and down the country, for although they produce the largest and showiest flowers of their kind they need no special treatment. The Echinocactus and the Echinopsis are round hedgehog-like balls armed with formidable spikes that at first sight look much alike, only varying in size, but their flowers are very distinctive. The former develop brilliant flowers, close down to the forest of spikes, that open only in the blazing sun, while the latter send out long trumpet-shaped flowers that open in the cool of the evening, shedding a fragrance on the night air that is almost intoxicating.

The Opuntia, better known as the prickly pear or Indian fig, is probably the genus that is most widely distributed and the best known, for though it is native to America it has been introduced into many other parts of the world. There are a hundred or more uses for this strange plant. Its uninviting stems, though armed with cruel spikes, are given to cattle for fodder. The flowers, often gorgeous in colour, develop into a pear-shaped fruit that some find agreeable, and the young shoots are used as a salad.

THE SHAVIAN VERSION OF A FAMOUS STORY: A scene from Bernard Shaw's lighthearted historical drama about the six burghers of Calais which was presented last week at the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre

and FILMS

Shaw Shows His Silly Side in "The Six of Calais": Another Ruritanian Picture from Hollywood: The Grace of Danilova

WHEN Mr. Bernard Shaw, astoundingly youthful at seventy and a good deal, is applauded on all sides for being a *gamin*, I regret the enthusiasm, not because Mr. Shaw and his *gaminerie* are not fit subjects for adulation, but because he is bound to carry his foolery still further next time. For when Mr. Shaw makes historical characters use slang and call each other by nicknames he shows us not his witty side but his silly side, the side which presents to us rollings-about on the floor and all manner of other things which should perhaps be funny but are not.

I do not suggest that the six burghers of Calais, Queen Philippa, and her royal husband were sacred figures to be treated with awed solemnity, though that episode cannot have been much fun for anyone concerned, least of all for the burghers. Here, distance of time, so far from protecting them from ridicule, encourages it. Edward III can be burlesqued on the stage and so, for that matter, can Edward IV, V, and VI, but not Edward VII.

The fault of *The Six of Calais*, which is the novelty part of the present Shaw Season at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, is that it is Shaw joking, not with difficulty but much too easily. The fun is there; but it is thin and not nearly good enough for Shaw. The author probably enjoyed writing it and enjoys seeing it, for it holds an English figure up to ridicule and makes his queen a mixture of Mrs. Caudle and an American school-marm. England and the English have always been fair game for Mr. Shaw. We do not mind that game when it is played skilfully and amusingly. I would have preferred this slice of history, since he has twisted it into something not so very side-splitting after all, treated in the manner we find in *Saint Joan*, his finest play, and one of the finest plays of all time—and the English did not, it will be remembered, come so very well out of *that*.

A MIME PLAY ABOUT ST. JOAN arranged by Mr. Michael Martin Harvey and included in the triple programme at the Open Air Theatre with the *Six of Calais* and *Androcles and the Lion*. Nini Theilade (left) played the title role

Well though Mr. Charles Carson played the part, King Edward, behaving like a baby with the tantrums because he is getting argued out of the hangings on which he had set his heart, soon grew tedious. The six of Calais themselves were as noisy as "Les Six" of Paris in this twentieth century and not so funny. But the burgher who insulted the Queen was a definite character, and talked Shavian philosophy as, of course, no burgher of Calais has ever done in any century. Miss Phyllis Neilson Terry played Queen Philippa with an air of spaciously flamboyant fooling, which was probably the only way to tackle it. It has often been said that the rule for success in farce is intensely serious acting. This seems to be an occasion for breaking the rule.

Perhaps *The Six* reads better than it plays; had it not been written by Mr. Shaw it would almost be forgotten within a few days of leaving its present home of open, airy persiflage. But we shall doubtless find it anon, with little green covers and a great big preface, keeping company with *Augustus Does His Bit*, *The Inca of Perusalem*, and other Shavian non-masterpieces.

A visit to Regent's Park, where Sir Philip Ben Greet is still master of what should now be called the Brown Sward, is more than justified, however, by Shaw of a vastly different type. It does not seem twenty-one years since I saw *Androcles and the Lion* at the St. James's Theatre. The only sign of "dating" in this brilliant satire, which is as taut as *The Six* is loose and flabby, is that the passages in it which shocked then shock no longer; indeed, it is difficult to discover which they were. This is capital entertainment in which nearly every line tells.

I would put down as the two most diverting people in London now Mr. George Carr as the Lion and Mr. George Robey (I saw him the other night in superb form) as himself. But Sir Nigel Playfair makes the Emperor truly comic. Mr. Robert Atkins is, as always, very good indeed, and Miss Margaretta Scott preserves the "monotony of excellence" which has marked her whole stay in that place of boskery and dellage.

"I'll Tell the World."—If there are two topics for films more beloved by Hollywood producers than back-stage amours, they are Ruritania and back-stage journalism. In *I'll Tell the World* the last two are combined.

I have never yet, in the course of a fairly long experience of journalism, managed to find much romance in it; but in American newspaper offices there seems to be plenty, if we can judge from the cinemas. In this case, reporters, instead of, as in this country, restricting their association with Royalty to hanging about in distant villages when an interesting domestic event is imminent, mingle with Royal personages with easy grace and share their adventures. One Stanley Brown, a reporter, played nimbly, but hardly realistically, by Mr. Lee Tracy, seems to be supervising and generally stage managing a Grand Duke's attempt to put his cousin on some European throne.

GAUMONT BRITISH STARS: Two sketches by [illegible]. The latter appears in *My Old Dutch* which

AS PETER ETON SEES THEM: *Left*—Pearl [illegible] slave girl, in the film of *Chu Chin Chow*.

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE: Adolphe Menjou and Dorothy Dell in *Little Miss Marker*, which will be seen in the West End in the autumn

of the DAY

By PHILIP PAGE

Not only that, he makes love to the rightful queen (who talks with a strong American accent), saves her life, and gets all the "dope" he can from and about her as a scoop for his papers.

A very queer reporter and a very queer kingdom. But the film will be exciting enough for those people, doubtless existing in plenty, whom the absurdity of it does not exasperate. Technically it is proficiency itself.

"Spy 13."—There is, of course, more spying in *Spy 13*. This is an historical picture, with Miss Marion Davies, who is a glamorous and good-natured and generally likeable person, as the central figure in an episode of the American Civil War. She is supposed to be a girl whose job it is to amuse the troops—though on her fair name no stain, etc., etc.—but she gets mixed up in plots and counter-plots. She takes many risks and the authors take a little bit out of *La Tosca* in putting her into the dilemma of helping to send to his death the man she loves.

The battle scenes are good. I did not know there were "crooners" in America in those distant days. We are, however, shown four of them — the Four Mills Brothers — who made me regret that Mills bombs had not then been invented.

"La Boutique Fantasque."—The ballet season at Covent Garden has from the beginning been doing phenomenally well. But there must indeed be some magic quality in *La Boutique Fantasque*, which can draw a vast and expensive audience on one of the hottest nights of the year when the season is a-dying.

Perhaps the explanation is not wholly magical. The thing is sheer fun—and people like fun. There is more fun in this ballet than in half a dozen of the average revues: there is fun in Rossini's music, the work of a genial old age, which owes less to the orchestration of Respighi than is generally supposed; and fun in every incident except the Chopinesque interlude of calm and classic perfection in dancing. Here Mlle Danilova, who is dancing better this year than she has ever danced before (that says a devil of a lot), is supreme: her icy grace, lovely to watch, is in sharp contrast to her impudent "cake-walking" and can-can, from which it is separated by only a few seconds.

The latter dance is not so easy as it seems, and as performed, some years ago, by a less accomplished dancer should have been re-named the "can't-can't."

M. Massine, who has devised the whole thing, is another bright feature of this memorable season, which must close on August 11. It will be in itself a record to have kept Covent Garden open in August—I think for the first time within living memory.

In no disparagement of the quality of the entertainment, which is first rate, do I suggest that when the London "season" is in progress a large section of people delight to flock to a huge theatre where the vestibules, etc., are noble and roomy, where there is a truly grand staircase, plenty of boxes, and a general air of spacious and dignified luxury—and long intervals. This may not be a lofty explanation, but it is a human one, and includes the social, dress, and generally decorative side of the question.

So many of London's other theatres, ancient or modern, are poky places, with narrow little rabbit-warrens, choked with cigarette smoke and humanity, and with uncomfortable seats: they are insufferably hot and a terror to the claustrophobic. A visit to Covent Garden—opera or ballet—is still an occasion. And if women like to show off their pretty clothes there, I do not see that anyone is one whit the worse for it.

SIGNOR PODRECCA'S PUPPETS which, with the help of skilled manipulators, provide first-class entertainment at the Royalty. *Left*—A famous pianist makes his bow. *Right*—Charlie Chaplin, Maurice Chevalier, and Mae West

A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS: An episode in Shakespeare's *Richard III* which is being presented at the Stadttheater, Weimar, Germany. The scenery is a reconstruction of the Henry VII Chapel in Westminster Abbey. As this dates from the sixteenth century, and Richard died in 1485, it would seem that someone has blundered

Peter Eton of Binnie Barnes and Glennis Lorimer, has just been completed at the Islington studios

Argyle, who takes the part of Marjanah, the *Right*—Pamela Ostrer as Naomi in *Jew Süss*

SHOWS TO SEE

COMEDY: John Tilley and Dorothy Dickson in *The Private Road.*

CRITERION: Owen Nares in *Sixteen.*

DALY'S: Seymour Hicks in *Vintage Wine.*

DUCHESS: Edmund Gwenn in *Laburnum Grove.*

GAIETY: Stanley Lupino in *Sporting Love.*

HAYMARKET: Marie Ney and Ian Hunter in *Touch Wood.*

HIPPODROME: Jack Buchanan in *Mr. Whittington.*

LYRIC: Joan Marion in *Men in White.*

NEW: Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies in *Queen of Scots.*

ROYALTY: Podrecca's *Piccoli.*

ST. MARTIN'S: Celia Johnson in *The Wind and the Rain.*

SAVOY: Leslie Banks in *Clive of India.*

WYNDHAM'S: John Gielgud in *The Maitlands.*

SPANISH BEAUTY: Nancy Jones as she appears in *The Private Life of Don Juan*, Alexander Korda's latest film

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

A HAPPY PARTY at the first rally of caravan campers which was held by the Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland at Hurley Farm, near Maidenhead, recently. The large attendance was proof of the rapidly increasing popularity of this form of holiday

LINKING TWO GREAT CITIES: A striking aerial view of the new East Lancashire Road which was opened by the King last week. It runs from Liverpool to Manchester

As time goes on I cannot help viewing the Road Traffic Bill with increasing alarm. Its passage through the House of Lords discouraged me particularly as one of our noble earls is reported to have endeavoured to amend the clause inserted in the Lower House whereby the 30 m.p.h. limit is not to operate in the early hours of the morning. Another noble lord suggested in all seriousness that every motor car should carry a recording speedometer, somewhat on the lines of a baragraph and that the owner should be compelled to keep the records thus made for a certain length of time so that they could be used in evidence in case of any prosecution. No details as to how this instrument was to be constructed were offered, neither was it divulged as to how the speed recorded could be said to have been done at any particular place.

The new Minister of Transport has not been in office very long, but he does not impress me as likely to turn out to be a great traffic dictator. All this restrictive motor legislation is due to panic and, like most panics, arises from a complete misunderstanding of the actual facts. The last person in the world that should show signs of panic, say in a theatre or cinema, is the Manager, yet Mr. Hore-Belisha has already been reported to have stated in public that wives and mothers should say to their husbands and sons, as they go out to work each morning, "do come back safe and don't get run over." Such a grotesque utterance cannot be due to anything but panic.

Serious as all this restrictive motor legislation undoubtedly is I doubt if the population of this country realizes that some of the principles on which English Law has been based for centuries are to be swept to the wind. It has always been an axiom in this country that anyone accused of a crime or misdemeanour should have the right of being tried in a Court of Justice, and that he is presumed to be innocent until he is proved guilty. One of the provisions in the Road Traffic Bill assumes the motorist to be guilty and does not necessarily give him the opportunity of proving that he is innocent. To my mind that is the most serious provision in this Bill and it seems amazing that the House of Commons passed it, although I will record that the late Minister of Transport, Mr. Stanley, did not give it his approval. When it is also remembered that as the law of the land stands to-day a motorist can be convicted in Oxford on the evidence of one constable for exceeding a speed limit of 30 m.p.h. it will be seen and realized that a very unsatisfactory state of the law exists at the present moment.

At this time of the year the process which we all call tarring is in progress. Although none of us disputes the fact that tarring makes the roads much more pleasant for use in the long run, we do still curse it when freshly sprayed roads begin to "bleed" in hot weather. Instinctively we hurl oaths at tar though in all probability the actual substance is not tar at all. Furthermore, whatever the substance may be it in itself is probably quite inoffensive, but the method of spraying it is at fault. My experience shows me that tar splashing of cars is becoming less and less a nuisance as each year goes by, but where it does occur the authorities concerned have less excuse for carrying out the operation wrongly. There is really no excuse for any fault in this direction, because all councils and road authorities have been circularized time after time by the Ministry of Transport as to the proper procedure to adopt. If any motorist is aggrieved at having his body-work spoilt in this manner let him not blame the tar or the suppliers, but the individuals who have not taken the trouble to apply it in the right manner.

A very attractive and advantageous scheme has just been introduced by the Ford Company and is characteristic of the enterprise shown by this firm. This takes the form of super-service offered to owners of certain Ford models whereby their engines can be exchanged, after any mileage or period, for factory reconditioned engines, thoroughly rebuilt in the new Ford Works at Dagenham. The charge is a very nominal one, in fact cheaper than the usual cost of an engine overhaul, and even owners who have had 100,000 miles of service from their vehicles can take advantage of this offer. A local Ford dealer can carry out this exchange in a few hours and the fortunate owner is then to all intents and purposes in possession of a new engine. Full particulars, cost, etc., can be obtained from all authorized Ford dealers or direct from the Ford Company, Dagenham.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales takes a deep interest in industrial development and recently His Royal Highness spent a very energetic time inspecting the Humber-Hillman Factory at Coventry and also the extensive Ford Works at Dagenham, two of the most up-to-date motor factories in England.

A party of thirty lucky schoolboys from Wellington College a week or two ago paid a visit to the Rolls-Royce works at Derby when they saw the various processes of manufacture of these famous cars and also of some of the most high-powered aero engines in the world. Modern youth is possessed of a good "mechanical" mind and the knowledge they have should be fostered and developed by more repeated instructional visits to the various motor car works throughout the country. It would not only be the kind of education which appeals to boys, but by making them all "mechanically" minded it would help the future position of the industry, as the schoolboys are the potential buyers of to-morrow.

Owing to the very great number of heath fires that have occurred, due to the continued drought, the R.A.C. have issued an appeal directed especially to smokers, requesting them to take every possible precaution to prevent heath and forest fires. These fires are quite often due to the carelessness and negligence shown on the part of smokers, and I am sure that if everyone fully realized the cost of such fires, and consequent damage, the work involved in putting them out, and the suffering caused to bird and animal life, fewer fires would result. After all, it is a very simple matter to make sure that a cigarette end, pipe ashes, or matches are extinguished before they are thrown away, and there is no excusable reason why the same care should not be shown out of doors as well as indoors.

Sir Stenson Cooke, the secretary of the Automobile Association, makes his annual appeal to all motorists, during the present hot weather, to give way more than usual to our friend the horse. Even an empty van with "way on" is a trouble to pull up and restart; the few seconds conceded are surely nothing by comparison with the good turn done.

SHE'S THROUGH! An Austin Sixteen negotiates a water-splash on a by-road in Montgomeryshire. The county is famous for its scenery, but its many hills provide a stern test for the touring car

SAFELY ROUND THE CORNER: A thrilling piece of climbing with an almost sheer drop on one side on the road between lakes Vyrnwy and Bala, in North Wales. The car is a Vauxhall Light Six

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SUMMER IN THE SALEROOMS

While Prices on the Whole Maintain a Good Level, the Victorian "Story" Pictures Continue to Slump in Value

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON: A miniature from the late Lady Northcote's collection which was sold last week at Sotheby's for £13

Now July is nearly over and the busy London season quietly fading away, one can take the opportunity of looking back over the sales which have taken place during the brilliant summer months. One or two features immediately become prominent. Once again it has been demonstrated that *really* good things, both in pictures and furniture, retain their essential value. The great Hirsch sale, which occupied Messrs. Christie's rooms for a whole week early in May, and which brought in the astounding total of £100,000, clearly proved that there were still buyers ready to give good prices when they received good value.

On the other hand tapestries, splendid in workmanship, but designed for the palatial residences of the eighteenth century, can no longer achieve their one-time colossal prices, four or five thousand pounds being the limit. This caused the superb Gobelin tapestries, belonging to Lord Zetland and designed for Moor Park, to be bought in. But the most remarkable feature has been the catastrophic "slump" in late Victorian pictures, which is altogether amazing. Pictures by Royal Academicians, highly thought of in their day, and which once commanded well over a thousand pounds, can now scarcely obtain fifty or sixty pounds in the salerooms.

Whether the fashion for "story" pictures will ever return may be a question; without doubt it is definitely gone for the present, as was proved at the sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on July 11, when the collection of the late Colonel Fairfax Rhodes was dispersed. The picture by George H. Boughton of "Milton receiving a visit from Andrew Marvell"—the type of honest, straightforward painting beloved in the 'seventies and 'eighties, which thirty years ago was sold for £920—was knocked down for £3! At that price it would have been a remarkable bargain for a school, being full of educational value; or for the bleak walls of a railway station waiting-room.

From the point of view of the "living artist," it is no doubt advantageous to receive high prices during lifetime, but artists work not merely for their own day, and July 11 shattered many a reputation. To run over a few of the well-known names—G. F. Watts "Fata Morgana," £1,785 in 1913, now only £240; Albert Moore's "Midsummer," £1,050 in 1908, now £130; J. W. Waterhouse's "Ophelia," £472 in 1913, now £68; Briton Riviere's "Come Back," £745 in 1884, now £2 10s. At the very end of this sale came a picture by Romney—a small picture, really a sketch for a larger work, of a little boy and girl, the children of George, the second Earl of Warwick. This suddenly woke up the bidding which quickly mounted to £3,700, a very great increase of value from its last sale, when Col. Rhodes bought it for £273. It was instructive to note that this picture realized more than the 130 pictures of the 19th century and living artists.

OLD ENGLISH DRINKING GOBLETS: The piece in the centre, which is engraved with a portrait of Prince Charlie and dates from 1750, fetched £135 at Sotheby's on July 17

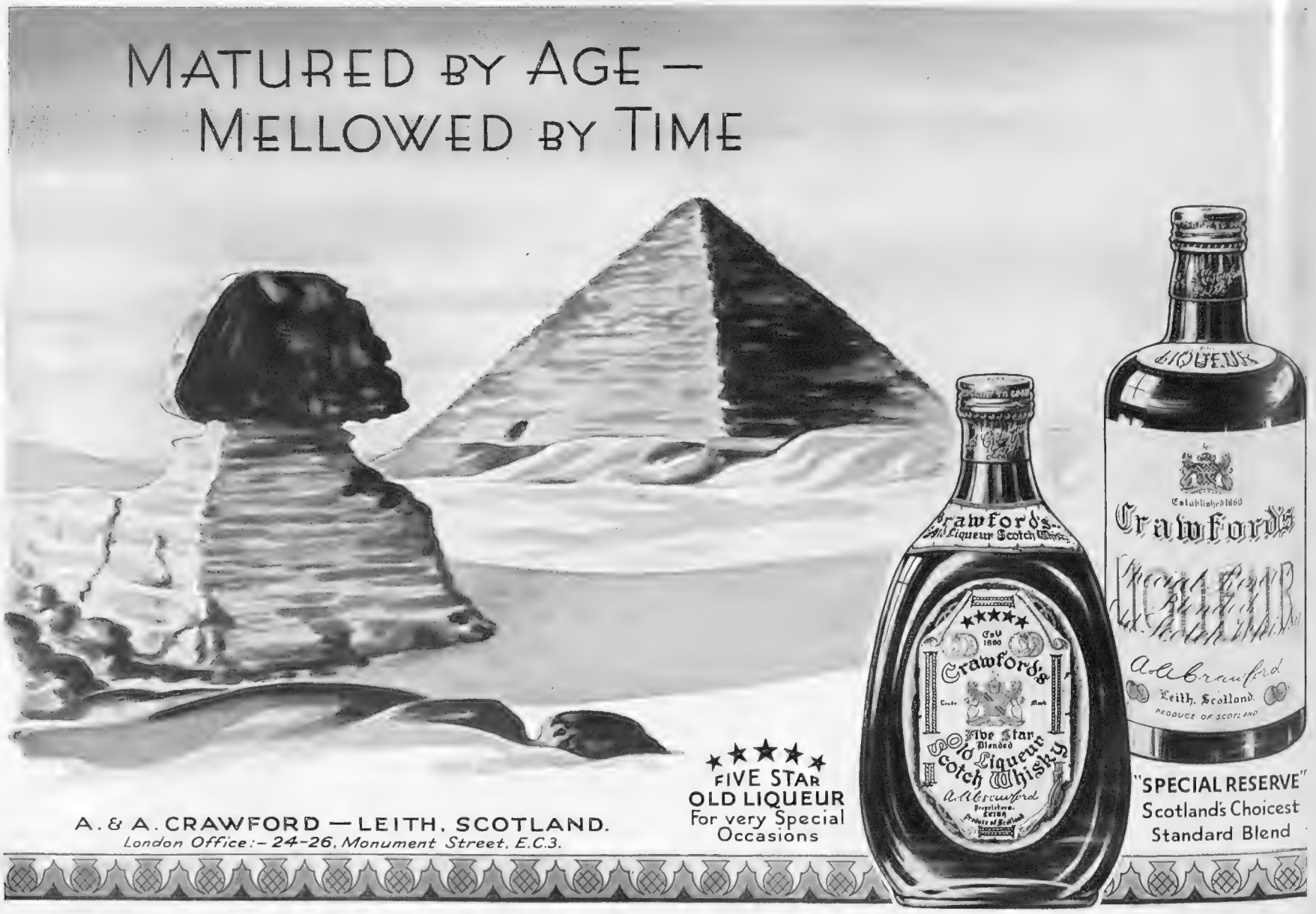
A GAINSBOROUGH: The portrait of Henry Collique, which was sold for 880 guineas at Christie's on July 20. It had never previously appeared in a saleroom

Modern architecture is building out the artist, who is now only allowed to show a picture in some specialized spot on the purity of the untouched walls. Gone are the billiard rooms, the inevitable accompaniment of the Victorian family house, where the wealthy owner hung the favourite of the last Academy. The present-day flat permits little of extraneous art and it would be instructive for artists to visit the salerooms and see the fate of their immediate forerunners.

Furniture, of course, is in a different category. It is as necessary to-day as aforetime, and the beautiful eighteenth-century craftsmanship is greatly in demand. A suite dating from about 1725, and consisting of a settee and eight chairs, the needlework being of a particularly lovely colouring, fetched £960 at Sotheby's on July 6, while a Chippendale mahogany cabinet, of a rare type showing the influence of William Kent, was also sold for £460.

Silver, too, retains its position, and the salerooms show the interest that buyers have in acquiring fine pieces. Some old Irish silver belonging to the late Lord Emly, most of it produced in the early eighteenth century in Dublin, was of excellent quality and sold well at Christie's on July 11. Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, First Lord of the Admiralty, bought a George I punch bowl for £435, and a pair of two-handed cups for £71, all of them bearing the Monsell arms, the family name of Lord Emly. A Charles I fruit dish, dated 1629, bearing the maker's mark, made £144, at 230 shillings the ounce.

B. H.



A '*mixed*' foursome

Soda as sparkling as your hopes at the first tee! Tonic as exhilarating as triumph at the eighteenth green! Drinks are on the winners, and the word is

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

(Continued from p. 136)

in the Royal Chapel, J. M. N. would set off on the highroad to Nivelles. Alas, for all those prayers . . . .

Then there was an Anglo-Belgian who held the office together, and a gentleman who came over every second day as the eyes and ears of Northcliffe.

There was no detailing of work in the rue Royale. We were, each of us, on our own. What we did was to shoot out in various directions when we weren't seeking to follow events in the capital itself or writing up scenes therein. We had passes and armlets and looked as English as we knew how but it wasn't easy going, by any means, much of the time. Everyone had nerves, suspicions, wanted to display patriotism, the last usually done at the expense of the circulating foreigner; nor did the position improve in our own respect as the days went by and no English troops materialized. I think now it was a mistake for us not to have dispatched a show body of men to Brussels, and the French ought to have done the same. More of that disintegrating Belgian Army might have been salved had such psychological action been taken. But being psychological hereabouts was nobody's long suit except Winston's, who in my foul judgment only comes better out of events as the years roll by.

ONE'S ABIDING RECOLLECTION of the swift over-running of Belgium is one of chaos, personal, military, national. No one seemed to have the faintest notion how things were actually panning out from day to day. The situation always remained "bonne," and in those early days none of Belgium's three doughty souls had yet emerged to give a lead by telling the truth. Three of the War's eventual greatest characters, Albert, Mercier, Max, were still as good as unknown. (Odd that this small land should have so monopolized pure heroism.) Two actions of first-class importance were fought less than twenty miles away while we were in Brussels, at Aerschot and Hasselt, and not for days afterwards did we even get the first inkling. We had to fall back on tearing hither and thither. I tore to Antwerp, was arrested at the station by Boy Scouts and spat upon as a spy, and decided that Antwerp wouldn't be a nice place to be besieged in—already explosions told of the demolishing of parks and property in order to give the sorry Brialmont fortifications a clear range.

In Brussels, during the third week of the month, the atmosphere had progressively become more sultry. The people had had to be told that places on the road to Brussels, such as Wavre and Termonde, had fallen, and the approaching occupation alike of capital and country was being bitterly discussed. (*Où sont nos alliés!*) Nevertheless, we were emphatically unaware that crisis lay so swiftly ahead. We continued to eat and to sleep normally, even to go to the cinema, while café terraces were, if anything, more crowded than ever.

At 9 p.m. on the 19th a stranger came to my table in the restaurant where I was dining with an Anglo Belgian girl who was to keep a diary for me of the impending German occupation. (This might last until Christmas, and I had paid Yvonne in advance to the tune of a dress, she declining currency.) The stranger bowed and asked: "You are an English correspondent? My Minister (he was from the Spanish Legation) would acquaint you that he has information that all English journalists found to-morrow when the Germans enter will be shot for writing German atrocities. The Germans are just outside the Porte de Louvain and enter the city at dawn." Almost before I could say "thank you," my Spaniard was bowing once more and retiring. Which I did also—on the last troop train out of Brussels, arriving at Ostend at 1 a.m. From here I wired the following affectionate code to my new chief, Valentine Williams:

Willie dort environs ville ce soir mais naura pas difficulté entrer demain amour Ferdinand.

It was a shot in the dark completely unarranged, but, as a decipherer of many greater mysteries since, Williams managed to unravel that *télégramme douce* precisely as follows:

> The Germans have camped for the night outside Brussels and are expected to enter the city without opposition this morning.

While the printing presses were churning out the above in London, I was leaving Ostend again—with its thousands of refugees by now installed in bathing cabins—and training back to Alost, nineteen miles north of Brussels, there to extract from numbed eye-witnesses details of the first fall of a major European capital since 1871. A "story" in a million, and I hope I rose to the occasion—at any rate, it was a case of post-haste back to London the same day.

A LONDON where one saw from the top of a motor-bus the first of the First Hundred Thousand drilling rifleless in Hyde Park. The country had Kitchener, and nothing else seemed to matter. A blind, not-to-be corrected optimism prevailed; in vain one sought to conjure a comparison between the Ostend one had left, just over there, and business-as-usual Regent Street. People said: "What fun it must be running round at someone else's expense in the thick of it all!"

In Ostend next evening I was to see for the first time a man killed: a bull-necked, battle-bearded Uhlan said to have shot Belgian wounded. Goose-stepping to a wall of the Gare Maritime, he deliberately spat just before the volley came. Beforehand, a wound in his neck had been dressed on board the *Princesse Clémentine* lying alongside.

The centre of gravity had now changed to France where the Lille neighbourhood had gone down like a pack of cards through treachery and its being left to old territorials. I recollect motoring along the coast to Boulogne on the 27th and on entering the town, coming upon France in the depths, at her noblest. Weighed down by heavy packs, wives and children clutching their arms and necks or carrying items of kit, marched to the station the last old conscripts in red and blue of 1870. "These are our last, Monsieur!" pulled an old fishwife, "Look at them!"

The same night were espied two kilted figures, the centre of a gaping throng. First arrivals from Mons, vanguard of an army of stragglers which was eventually to rally back at Le Mans to the tune of 5,000—and even then many succeeded in hiding, some of whom have not been traced to this day.

The heavy hand of "K" lying over Boulogne with many of my tribe on a black list for immediate expulsion, I decided to try and work inland by taxi, skirting via Abbeville and, if necessary, Dieppe. En route, the terrified villagers had formed their own controls—chains and furniture and broken glass across the road, and old men with trembling fingers on triggers. The presence of a few pushing, freebooting cavalry patrols, dozens of miles ahead of the main army, had sown panic as it was meant to do. In deserted and barricaded Abbeville a crashed Belgian air officer was announcing that he had left wife and child behind, and that should aught befall them he would not hesitate to become an assassin of the Kaiser *and of the Kaiserin*. The company in the Tête-de-Bœuf applauded.

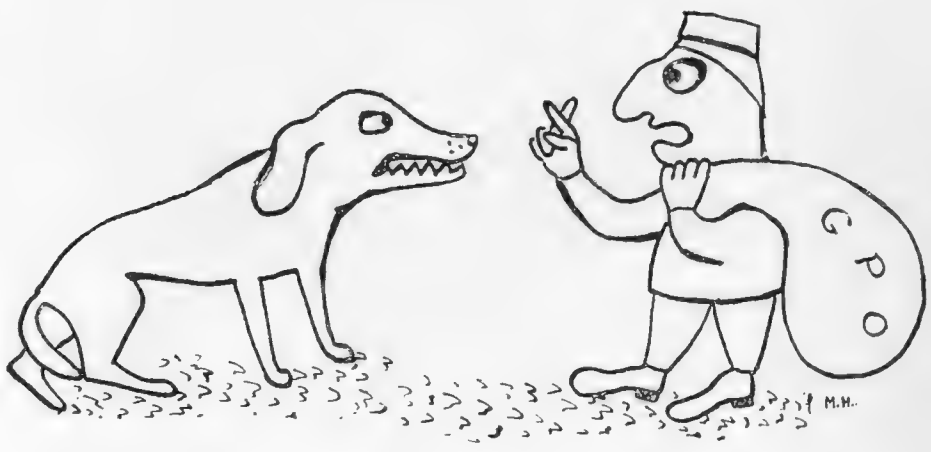
DIEPPE, her merry season truncated, was one seething haven of refugees fleeing before the anticipated second siege of Paris, which city M. Poincaré was about to leave, going south-west. In harbour lay three mail-boats jammed with 7,000 fugitives. They awaited nightfall. On the quayside, a queue half a-mile long and five or six deep stood waiting for the morrow's vessels. Fearful of losing their places, people would draw lots as to whom should go into the town to get food. Pitiable scenes occurred. A baby was born prematurely and died. Women fainted and children sobbed hysterically. One visualized this same quay on a normal August afternoon—the gay holiday scene of flannels and parasols, of laughing English families come down "to meet the boat."

Worse was across the way. In the Hôtel Dieu scores of wounded Germans lay out, gangrenous and untended, in the courtyard. Several days had elapsed since their scrappy C.C.S. dressing, and the odour was sickening. The local volunteer Frenchwomen refused to do anything for the detested ones. I gazed upon war for the first time in all its horror

And the curtain rose on September

"P.P.C."

said the postman when the dog bit him
meaning



"Postmen Prefer Cats"

"BP"

said the Motorist, meaning the **B***est* **P***ossible petrol mixed with Ethyl fluid, which is the finest known anti-knock specific.*

BP ETHYL

THE ROMANCE OF CRUISING

Historic Ports and Sunlit Seas

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

DEDICATED TO "ETERNAL WISDOM": The great mosque of St. Sophia in Istanbul

CORINTH THE MANY TIMES CONQUERED: A scene near the famous Grecian city which stands on the Isthmus between the Gulfs of Aegina and Lepanto

A LEGACY FROM THE PAST: The Temple of Apollo at Corinth, Greece

It would be interesting to know what gave rise to the first pleasure cruise.

Probably it was the spirit of romance, for, associated with the earliest phases of sea travel, there has been an atmosphere of romance which has cast its glamour over this form of travel ever since, and led us to regard any sort of a sea trip as vastly more thrilling than a journey in a railway train. Think of the wonderful wanderings over the waters of the Mediterranean of Odysseus and his gallant company, laden with the spoils of Troy; their meeting with the Lotus-eaters, who with senses dazed, lived in dreamy idleness in the languid air of the land "where all things always seemed the same"; with Polyphemus, fiercest and most inhuman of the race of barbarous giants; with Circe, the fell enchantress; and with the Sirens, who sang all sailors to their doom, but against whose charms Odysseus made his men proof by stopping their ears with wax, whilst he himself was bound to the mast that he might not give way.

All imaginary as they are, and yet with some basis of fact, these stirring adventures at sea on a cruise have proved one of the most fruitful sources of inspiration for writers of romance for twenty-five centuries past, and they gripped the imagination of so many who read of them, that they may well be looked upon as the prototype of every cruise since. And then we have that equally imaginary account of the voyage of Jason and his men, the Argonauts, in the good ship *Argo* in search of the Golden Fleece. The hope of winning treasure has given rise to many an ocean cruise. It was this that led the ruthless Vikings to wander overseas, and those who followed in their wake, the pirates, sought their treasure on the seas of the world—from those who had gained it.

We people of the British Isles have a strong strain of Viking blood in our veins, and, some of us, perhaps, a touch of the pirate, whilst most of us are romantic in spirit, and fond of mystery, and the prospect of a pleasure cruise stirs our imagination to the core. The more humdrum, the more monotonous our life has been ashore, the more do we feel a sense of infinite relief the moment we have stepped aboard the vessel that is to bear us away over strange seas to unknown climes.

PORTUGAL'S PICTURESQUE CAPITAL: A view over the house-tops of Lisbon

Once the anchor is weighed, and the ship headed oceanwards, we feel the sense of adventure gripping us. We know that the day of the buccaneer and the pirate is past, but we try to imagine that somewhere someone of the stout old breed still sails the sea, and at nightfall, as we lean over the ship's side and peer into the gloom ahead, perchance we wonder whether there is any truth in the old, old legend of the Flying Dutchman, and whether we might even catch a glimpse of stout old Captain Van der Decken and his ghostly craft.

Wherever one's course is set on a pleasure cruise, romance and adventure deeply tinge the track. In the English Channel, Lord Howard of Effingham and the gallant Drake thrashed the proud Spanish Don and scattered his "Invincible" Armada, and over these same waters Drake had passed ten years before in his *Golden Hind*, back from his memorable voyage round the world, his tiny vessel laden full with silver and gold and precious stones. Here, too, were fought many of the stoutest sea-fights in our history — with the French and the Dutch, and time and again the Channel waters were the scene of encounters between British merchant vessels and pirates, when sometimes, within sight of their native land, British seamen were carried off by an Algerian sea-rover into captivity on African shores.

Across the Bay of Biscay, on the rocky coast of Spain, lies Vigo, once the scene of a most dashing British naval exploit. To check French influence in Spain, William III had sent Sir George Rooke and the Duke of Ormond to attack the port of Cadiz. The yearly Spanish treasure fleet from the Indies, arriving home, found Cadiz blockaded, and ran for Vigo. Rooke and Ormond decided to follow it, did so, found a boom thrown across the harbour, but landed men and cut off the Spaniards ashore. Some of the treasure was thrown into the sea, but a million sterling, in bullion and merchandise, was captured.

The waters of the Tagus, leading to Lisbon, are rich in romance, for a-down them sailed, on July 9, in the year 1497, Vasco da Gama, to round the Cape of Good Hope, and discover the sea route to the Indies, which diverted the fabulously wealthy trade of the East from the overland route and brought it to European ports direct, thus laying the foundations first of Portuguese Eastern rule, and then that of Holland and England.

The memory of high adventure clings to waters farther south—by Cape St. Vincent, where Nelson, fighting under the command of Sir John Jervis, by an extraordinarily fine manœuvre, cut off the Spanish fleet from escape and then aided Jervis in defeating it, and in capturing four valuable

(Continued on p. 162)

AN HISTORIC SPOT: The little town of Machico where Robert Machin and his bride are said to have landed when they discovered Madeira in 1370

"A HAUNT WHERE BEAUTY DWELLS": A lovely valley near Las Palmas, a well-known port of call for the many cruising liners which visit the Canary Islands

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THE ROMANCE

(*Continued*

prizes, and in Trafalgar Bay; whilst Cadiz in between, was once the headquarters of the Spanish treasure-fleets, the wealthiest port in Western Europe, and a favourite point of attack for hostile Powers, and for pirates. In the year 1587 Drake burned all the shipping in its harbour, and nine years later Lord Charles Howard and the Earl of Essex sacked the city. Cadiz was very strongly fortified, but the daring young Essex led his "war-proof" English to the attack, and threw his own standard over the wall when the issue seemed in doubt, "giving withal a most hot assault unto the gate, where, to save the honour of their ensign, happy was he that could first leap down from the wall and with shot and sword make way through the thickest press of the enemy."

From the port of Seville, a Spanish captain, bound to Oporto, in the year 1400, was blown out of his course by contrary winds into the Atlantic and found himself eventually on the coast of the island of Grand Canary; and the story he told of life on the island, when he returned to Spain, inspired Jean de Béthencourt, Lord of Granville, and Gadifer de la Salle, a needy knight, to set forth to "conquer in the sea a new kingdom for themselves," and their success against the Guanches, the original inhabitants of the Canaries, marked the beginning of Spanish rule in the islands.

More romantic is the story that is told of the discovery of the lovely isle of Madeira in the year 1370—how one Robert Machin, an English youth of Bristol, finding the path of love by no means a smooth one, set off in a small boat with his sweetheart, Anna d'Arfet, intending to cross over to France, but instead was driven by a storm far out to sea—to the south—to be driven ashore on the coast of Madeira, and where, later, he and his lady-love died. The spot where they landed is still known as Machico, after Robert's name. Sailors who had navigated their boat, and who were cast away with them, managed to sail from Madeira to the African coast, only to be made slaves there, but one of these, escaping, reached Portugal, and his story was carried to the ears of Prince Henry the Navigator, and led, so it is said, to the Portuguese possession of Madeira.

And on that African coast, not far from the port of Casablanca, is Rabat, once a famous pirate stronghold, at first a rival and later a vassal of Sallee, immortalized by Defoe in *Robinson Crusoe*.

AN ISLAND WITH A STIRRING HISTORY: A general view forts of St. Angelo and Senglea, medieval structures so gallantly re

No waters in the world are richer in romance than those of the Mediterranean. Two thousand years before the commencement of the Christian Era, the Aegean people had established trade and intercourse by sea between the parent isle of Crete, under its Minoan kings, and the mainland of Greece and of Asia Minor, later extending it to the land of the Pharaohs, and on their heels came the men of Tyre and of Sidon, Phœnician adventurers, ready to voyage to any land in search of profitable goods. They built their ships with wood from the cedars of Lebanon, and armed with the secret of the far-famed Tyrian dye they produced cloths of colours so beautiful that the hearts of kings were ravished and immense sums were paid for their possession. They traded in spices and precious stones from the fabled East, amassed huge fortunes, and then fell, before the might of Greece and of Ro

NAPLES AND ITS LOVELY BAY: Many cruising liners call there for the city, the neighbouring island of Capri, such seaside resorts as Sorrento, and the historic ruins of Pompeii, make it an ideal place for excursions

Long ere their fall, pirates had appeared on this historic sea. Some were Phœnician renegades, others of Greek race, eager to ransack the richly laden craft of the Semitic traders and thus, perhaps, start the age-long struggle between Aryan and Semite. Thucydides tells of the Greek pirates of Cumæ, and from piracy the Greeks soon came to lawful trading and, aided by the standardized silver currency of Athens, made of it a great success. Bitter fights Mediterranean waters witnessed between Persian and Greek, Roman and Carthaginian, Venetians and Genoese, and Moslem and Christian, and between the merchant ships and war vessels of all the maritime States of Europe and the Barbary and Algerine corsairs, the sequel to which, when defeat overtook the European vessel, was captivity for its passengers and crew in a barbarous African land.

AT THE GATEWAY OF THE MEDITER which Catharine of Braganza gave

This is the sterner side of maritime life in the Mediterranean: romance you will find, too, in plenty. Almost at its entrance, on the African shore, some little while before you come to

THE CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY AT VALLDEMOSA, MAJORCA: It was here that George Sand, the great French woman writer, nursed Chopin through one of his illnesses

OF CRUISING

(from p. 161)

of the Grand Harbour, Malta. Its entrance is guarded by the which have altered little since the days when the islanders pulsed the Turks

the frowning fortress of Gibraltar, stands Tangier, once a free city of Imperial Rome, and long held by British troops, at great expense, for the Merry Monarch—because it came to him as a wedding gift with Catherine of Braganza, and where to-day you may see what is left of the English Mole and York Castle. Farther along the same coast, directly opposite "Gib," is Ceuta. It was here that Count Julian, governor of the town for Roderic, King of Spain, plotted with the Moors to yield up Ceuta to them and lead them into Spain—to avenge the wrong done by Roderic to his lovely daughter, Florinda.

SICILY: The luxuriant, semi-tropical gardens of the Villa Tasca, near Palermo

In Palma, capital of the beautiful Balearic Isles, where [illegible] watch towers and massive stone tombs alone remain to tell of a vanished race, you may see the Three Kings ride through the town at the Feast of the Epiphany; and at Valldemosa, a few miles distant, is the famous Carthusian Monastery where Chopin and George Sand lived together for a while, indulging in a romance. Naples at once calls to mind Nelson and his Emma, for it was here that he first met Lady Hamilton. At

RANEAN: An old fort in Tangier, the town to Charles II as a wedding gift

once impressed by her beauty, later, on his return after the Battle of the Nile, he became the very willing victim of her charms; and when French successes against the Neapolitan troops made the evacuation of Naples by the Royal Family necessary, Nelson conveyed them on a British man-of-war, Lady Hamilton accompanying them, to Palermo, Sicily's lovely capital, there to spend further time with his charmer.

Romance, in Malta, centres in its Knights of the Order of St. John, who, driven by the Turks from the island of Rhodes, obtained a grant of the island of Malta from the great Emperor Charles V, and took upon themselves the solemn obligation of defending the Cross against the Crescent, at that time advancing victoriously throughout the Mediterranean, and in Europe. The siege of Malta, as the Shield of Christendom, by vast Turkish naval and military forces, including the piratical rovers of Algiers, in the year 1565, is an epic. For over three months the Moslem hordes pressed the defenders on all sides, making fierce onslaughts, and thousands fell—of besiegers and besieged. Finally the Turks were driven to their ships, and their defeat raised the prestige of the Knights of St. John to such a pinacle that the flower of the nobility of Europe deemed it an honour to be allowed to join their ranks. Such were the apprehensions raised throughout Europe by the siege, that general prayers on behalf of the besieged were ordered by Queen Elizabeth, and there was a service of thanksgiving when the defeat of the Turks became known.

The little island of Gozo, by Malta, has also its romance, since it is looked upon as the island of Calypso, where the goddess entertained Ulysses when he was shipwrecked, and offered him immortality if he would remain with her. He somewhat ungallantly refused, whereupon he was detained for seven years and then allowed to depart!

Romance runs riot around the coast of Greece, and amongst the Aegean Isles. Naxos, rich in vines, and far-famed for its wine, was once a centre of the worship of Bacchus, and the god himself there found Ariadne asleep on the shore, after her desertion by Theseus; Scyros held a sanctuary of Achilles, and the myth runs that the goddess Thetis, to keep Achilles, her son by the mortal Peleus, from the impending Trojan War, hid him, dressed as a maiden, amongst the daughters of the King of Scyros, where Odysseus, disguised as a merchant, led him to betray himself by offering him warlike weapons, and carried him off to the war; and it was between Chios and Lesbos that Phaon the Ferryman plied his craft, and one day ferried Aphrodite over in disguise, when the goddess breathed upon him and made him so young and so beautiful that Sappho, the poetess of Lesbos, fell in love with him straightway, and failing to win him, leaped from a tall white cliff, crowned with a temple of Apollo, into the raging sea!

Lemnos was the island where Jason and his Argonauts, in their search for the Golden Fleece, found themselves welcomed by the women, as prospective partners, since, in a fit of maddening jealousy, they had slain all their men, and at Nauplia, on the Grecian mainland, dwelt Nauplius, one of the heroes of the Argo.

ONCE A FAMOUS CORSAIR STRONGHOLD: The picturesque Moroccan town of Rabat at the mouth of the Bu-ragreb River. It was founded in the twelfth century

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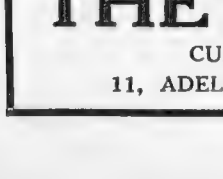

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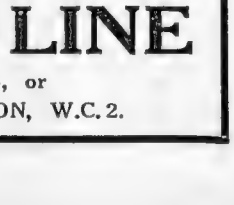

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WHERE THE CRU

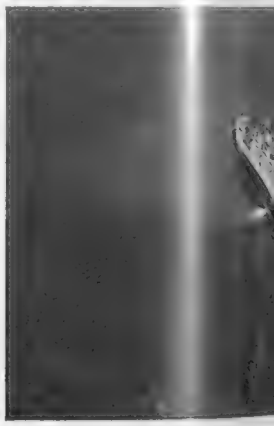
A Detailed List of the Late Summer and Autumn Sailings

A SHIPBOARD PASTIM
on one of t

ONE of the great joys of cruising is that there is such a variety of choice, and the steamship companies certainly can be trusted to suit their cruises to the season of the year, so that one can always be sure of going to the right place at the right time. The late summer and autumn season is well suited to cruising in the Mediterranean, along the western coast of Spain and Portugal, the North African coast, and the Canary Isles, and Madeira, and accordingly the principal cruising liners are visiting these waters.

The Canadian Pacific Line have the *Montrose* (16,000 tons), leaving London on August 18, for Casablanca, Gibraltar, Palma, and Lisbon, 13 days; on September 1, for Ceuta, Barcelona, Palma, and Vigo, 13 days; on September 15, for Cadiz, Palma, Barcelona, and Tangier, 13 days; and on September 29, for Casablanca, Gibraltar, and Corunna, returning to Southampton, 9 days. The *Montcalm* (16,000 tons), leaves Liverpool on September 1, for Cadiz, Gibraltar, Madeira, and Lisbon, 13 days; on September 15, for Tangier, Barcelona, Palma, and Vigo, 13 days; and on September 29, for Ceuta, Palma, Barcelona, and Gibraltar, 13 days. The *Montclare* (16,000 tons), leaves Liverpool on August 18, for Ceuta, Madeira, and Lisbon, 11 days; on September 22, for Gibraltar, Algiers, Palma, and Tangier, 13 days; and on October 6, for Ceuta, Palma, Barcelona, and Tangier, 13 days. The *Melita* leaves Greenock and Belfast on August 11, for Vigo, Casablanca, Gibraltar, and Malaga, 12 days; on August 25, for Cadiz, Palma, and Ceuta, 12 days; and on September 8 for Tangier, Barcelona, and Gibraltar, 12 days. The Canadian Pacific Line also have tours across the Atlantic and visiting such interesting places and cities in Canada and the United States as Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, New York, Washington, Detroit, Niagara Falls, French River—a two-days' camping-out amidst delightful scenery, and the Hudson River. One tour leaves Liverpool on August 24 by the *Duchess of Bedford* and concludes on September 14; another leaves on August 31 by the *Duchess of York* and concludes on September 28; another leaves by the *Empress of Australia* on September 12 and comes to an end on October 13; and the last tour starts on September 21, and ends on October 12, the boat being the *Duchess of Bedford*. All inclusive fares are quoted for these extremely enjoyable tours.

IN A SUNLIT PORT OF SPAIN: The Royal Mail liner, *Atlantis*, lying alongside the quay at Barcelona



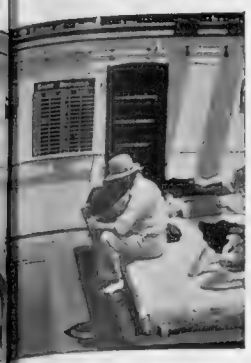
THE QUEEN OF THE RE
Belge

The White Star Line are sending the *Homeric* (35,000 tons) from Southampton, on August 22, to Tangier, Palma, Naples, Messina, and Gibraltar, 14 days; on September 8, to Gibraltar, Malta, Athens, Rhodes, Patras, Naples, and Algiers, 19 days; and on September 29, to Tangier, Malta, Mudros, Istanbul, Athens, Naples and Palma, 21 days. The *Adriatic* (25,000 tons) is down for two cruises, from Liverpool. One, on August 25, to Lisbon, Algiers, Malta, Messina, Naples, Barcelona, and Gibraltar, 19 days; the other, on September 18, to Lisbon, Algiers, Palma, Barcelona, Gibraltar, and Corunna, 15 days. The *Doric* (16,500 tons) leaves Southampton on August 15, for Madeira, Las Palmas, Casablanca, and Lisbon, 13 days; on September 1, for Lisbon, Palma, Algiers, and Gibraltar, 13 days; on September 15, for Madeira, Teneriffe, Las Palmas, Casablanca, and Gibraltar, 14 days; and on October 3, for Barcelona, Monaco, and Ceuta, 14 days, returning to Liverpool.

EIGHT BELLES! A cheerful group on a Canadian Pacific liner

The Cunard Line cruises are by the *Lancastria* (17,000 tons), leaving Liverpool on August 11, for Gibraltar, Barcelona, Palma, and Ceuta, 13 days; on August 25, for Lisbon and Madeira, 10 days; on September 11, for Lisbon, Algiers, Barcelona, and Gibraltar, 13 days; on September 22, for Tangier, Casablanca, Madeira, and Lisbon, 13 days; and on October 6, for Gibraltar, Barcelona, Cagliari (Sardinia), Bizerta (for Tunis), and Lisbon, 16 days; and the *Samaria* (20,000 tons), which leaves London on August 11, for Hamburg, Danzig, Copenhagen, Oslo, and Bergen, 13 days; on

SING LINERS GO



A putting game in progress cruising Cunarders

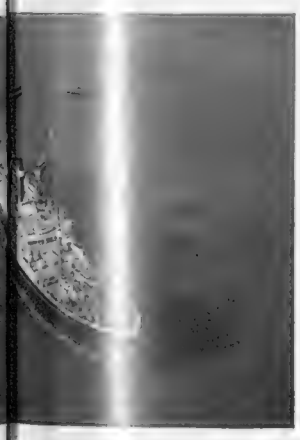
September 1, for Lisbon, Algiers, Barcelona, and Gibraltar, 13 days; on September 25, Ceuta, Casablanca, Madeira, and Lisbon, 13 days; and on September 29, for Gibraltar, Barcelona, Palma, and Ceuta, 13 days.

The Cunard Line and the White Star Line have also arranged tours in the United States and Canada, ranging from five to twenty-one days in length, and including ocean and rail fares, hotel accommodation, sight-seeing expenses, and all gratuities. Amongst the tours there is one of five days in New York; a thousand miles up the St. Lawrence and on Lake Ontario; and for business men one to the oil-fields of Texas and to the cotton-fields and textile districts.

The Royal Mail Line.—The *Atlantis* starts from London on August 11, for Oslo, Copenhagen, Visby, Stockholm, Zoppot, Kiel Canal, and Hamburg, returning to Southampton, 14 days; from Southampton, on August 31, for Malaga, Naples, Venice, Dubrovnik, Kotor, Corfu, and Tangier, 21 days; on September 22, for Ceuta, Barcelona, Villefranche (Monte Carlo), Rapallo, Naples, Palermo, and Algiers, 18 days; and on October 13, for Lisbon, Barcelona, Villefranche, Algiers, Gibraltar, and Casablanca, 16 days.

The P. & O. Line have the *Viceroy of India* (20,000 tons), 1st class only, leaving London on August 18, for Lisbon, Bizerta, Malta, Candia (Crete), Santorin, Delos, Mykonos, Tinos, Athens, Nauplia, Katacolo, Barcelona, Malaga, Gibraltar, and Bordeaux, 23 days; the *Strathaird* (22,500 tons), 1st and tourist, from Southampton on August 11, for Gibraltar, Monte Carlo, Naples, and Tangier, 13 days; on August 25, for Gibraltar, Monte Carlo, Naples, and Tangier, 13 days; and on September 8, for Gibraltar, Malaga, Monte Carlo, Naples, and Lisbon, 14 days; and the *Moldavia* (17,000 tons), tourist class, from Southampton, for Bordeaux, Arosa Bay, Vigo, and Lisbon, 8 days; and they have tours during the autumn to Egypt, Ceylon, British Malaya, and to China and Japan, also round-the-world tours, which are via the Mediterranean, Ceylon, Malayan ports, Hongkong, Shanghai, Kobe, Yokohama, the Pacific, across either Canada or the United States, and the North Atlantic; or this route can be varied by proceeding from Colombo to Australia and New Zealand, and thence to Fiji, Honolulu, and Vancouver, or to Raratonga, Papeete, and San Francisco.

IN THE ADRIATIC: An Orient boat at anchor off Dubrovnik, the picturesque port on the Dalmatian coast



STAR FLEET: The 27,000-ton land

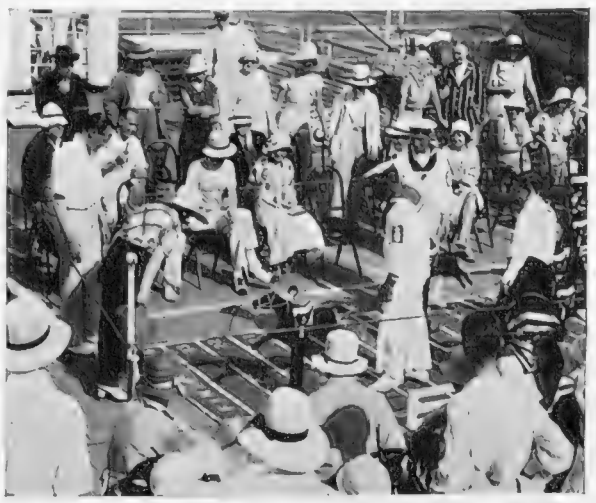
Orient Line.—There are cruises by the *Orford* (20,000 tons), on August 11, from Southampton to Vigo, Palma, Rapallo, Naples, Dubrovnik, Venice, Abbazia, Kotor, and Ceuta, 23 days; and by the *Orontes* (16,000 tons), on August 18, to Gibraltar, Messina (for Taormina), Nauplia, Poros, Athens, Istanbul, Rhodes, Malta, and Ceuta, returning to London, 23 days; and throughout the autumn arrangements are made by the Orient Line whereby their steamships on the regular service between this country and Australia take passengers for Mediterranean ports such as Gibraltar, Toulon, Palma, Naples, and for Egypt, on a ticket which enables them to return by an Orient liner, or by a vessel of some other well-known line, and the return ticket is available from other Mediterranean ports, such as Genoa or Marseilles, thus covering a wide sphere of travel.

Lamport and Holt cruises by the *Voltaire* are from Liverpool, on August 11 and 25, and September 8, to Vigo, Malaga, Palma and Ceuta, 13 days; and on September 22, to Ceuta, Barcelona, Naples, Palermo, and Lisbon, 18 days; and by the *Vandyck*, on August 18, September 1, and 15, from Liverpool to Vigo, Casablanca, Madeira, and Lisbon, 13 days; and on October 6, to Ceuta, Barcelona, Naples, Palermo, and Lisbon, 18 days.

The B. and N. Line have the *Stella Polaris* leaving Harwich on August 18 for the Baltic and the Northern Capitals, 20 days; and on September 8 and 15 for San Sebastian and Santander, returning to Southampton, 7 days; and the *Meteor* leaves Newcastle-on-Tyne on August 25 for Norheimsund, Bergen, Gudvangen, and Balestrand, 8 days; and on September 1 for Christiansund, Arendal, Oslo, Copenhagen, and the Kiel Canal, 9 days, returning to Harwich.

There are two **Red Star Cruises** by

(Continued on p. 166)



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WHERE THE CRUISING LINERS GO

(Continued from p. 165)

the *Belgenland* (27,200 tons), from London on August 11, to Algiers, Palma, Barcelona, and Gibraltar, 13 days; and on August 25 to Algiers, Istanbul, Athens, Messina, and Cadiz, 20 days; two by the **Ellerman's City Line**, *City of Nagpur*, from Southampton on August 18 to Vigo, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Villefranche, Tangier, and Lisbon, 14 days; and on September 1 to Corunna, Tangier, Ceuta, Ajaccio, Civita Vecchia (for Rome), Palma, and Cadiz, 16 days; and three by the **Blue Star** liner, *Arandora Star*, from Southampton on August 18 to Bergen, Christiansund, the Northern Capitals, and Hamburg, 19 days; on September 8 to Algiers, Tripoli, Naples, Barcelona, Gibraltar, and Lisbon, 19 days; and

WHERE IT'S COOL IN THE SUNSHINE: The bathing pool on the P. & O. liner *Moldavia*

on September 29 to Tangier, Philippeville, Alexandria, Jaffa, Cyprus, Port Said, Haifa, Beyrout, Rhodes, Phaleron Bay, Tunis, and Gibraltar, 30 days.

The Bibby Line have short Continental cruises by *Cheshire*, August 15–September 1, and the *Shropshire*, September 22–29, from London and Liverpool, calling at Hamburg; and by the *Yorkshire*, September 8–16, calling at Hamburg and Antwerp; and their special Mediterranean tours are continued until mid-September.

There are **short Continental cruises** also by the London and North Eastern Railway steamer *City of Vienna*, on August 17, from Harwich to Antwerp and Flushing; on August 24, to Amsterdam and the Hague; on August 31, to Rotterdam and Zeebrugge; and on September 7, to Antwerp and Zeebrugge, the tickets for which include the rail fares from and back to London, the duration of the cruise being from Friday evening to Monday morning.

The Union Castle Line have autumn sailings at special reduced fares, by their regular South African service liners to Grand Canary, Teneriffe, and Madeira, and special return fares to South African ports—Capetown, East London, Algoa Bay, and Natal.

One of the most popular routes to-day to the Far East, and one which deserves to be popular, is that of the **Canadian Pacific** route, via the North Atlantic, across Canada, and the North Pacific — to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Manila, the whole of the sea part of the journey being on the swift and luxuriously-appointed liners of the Canadian Pacific Line, of the *White Empress*, *Empress*, and *Duchess* types, whilst the land portion is over the trans-continental system of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which runs from Quebec and Montreal to Vancouver.

Apart from the facilities offered to British subjects whose business or profession calls them to the Far East, of travelling all-British, on some of the finest of the world's liners, the Canadian Pacific route also enables travellers from this country who wish to spend a holiday in Far Eastern countries to do so to the very best advantage, since they are enabled to visit *en route*, on the outward journey, the Niagara Falls, the Great Lakes, the Prairies, and the mountains of Canada, together with Canada's chief cities, and then the Pacific Coast; whilst the return voyage may be made by way of Hawaii to Vancouver, thus affording an opportunity of seeing this interesting tropical land, and the railway journey can be taken by a partly different route, enabling the traveller to pass through some of the northern United States, and to see Chicago and Lake Michigan, Detroit, Buffalo, and Lake Erie; also the cities of Boston and New York. The Canadian Pacific all-British route is also one which should make a strong appeal to Britishers who are domiciled in the Far East when they travel home on leave.

It will be well worth the while of intending cruise passengers to consult Messrs. **Thos. Cook and Son**, who issue tickets and make arrangements for all cruises, and whose very great travel experience is at the disposal of all clients. Messrs. Thos. Cook have their own representatives on some of the cruising liners, and you may always be sure of finding their agents ready to assist you at most of the cruising ports of call. You save time, and get the best possible, by consulting this firm.

A FLOATING MARKET: Vendors of native basketware, lace, cigars, and other merchandise, crowding round a cruising liner at Madeira. What they ask £1 for at the beginning of the day, they will often sell for 2s. 6d. as the vessel is about to depart

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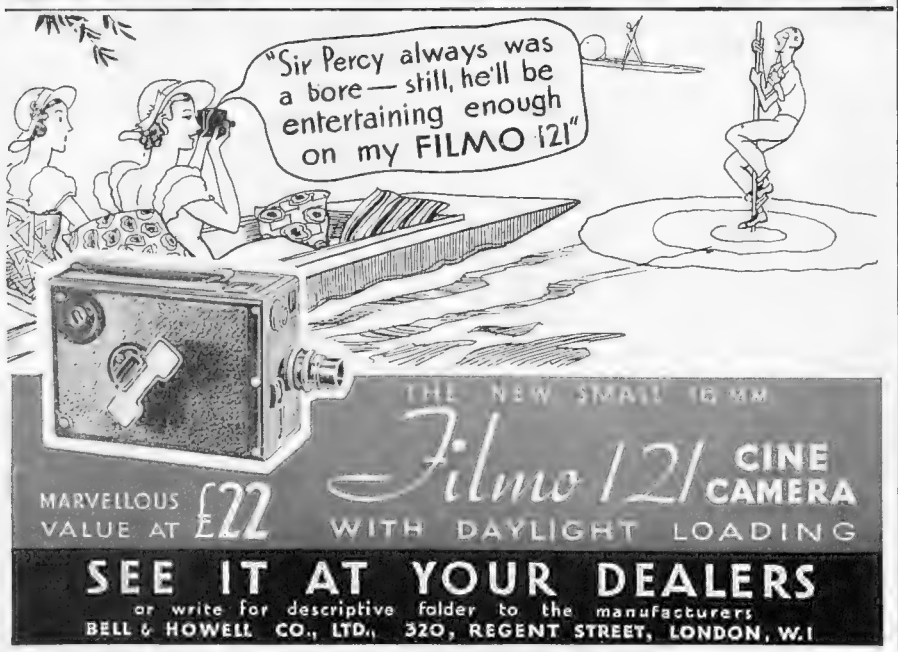

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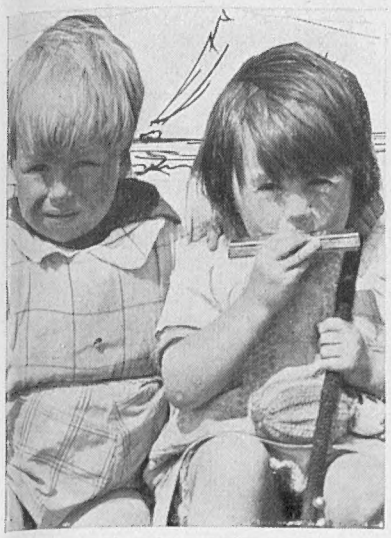

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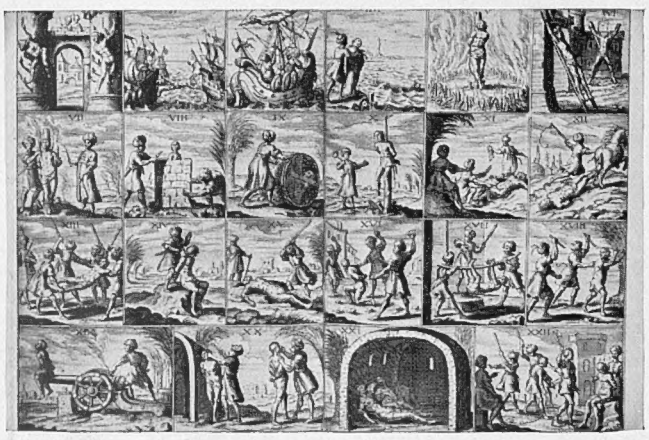
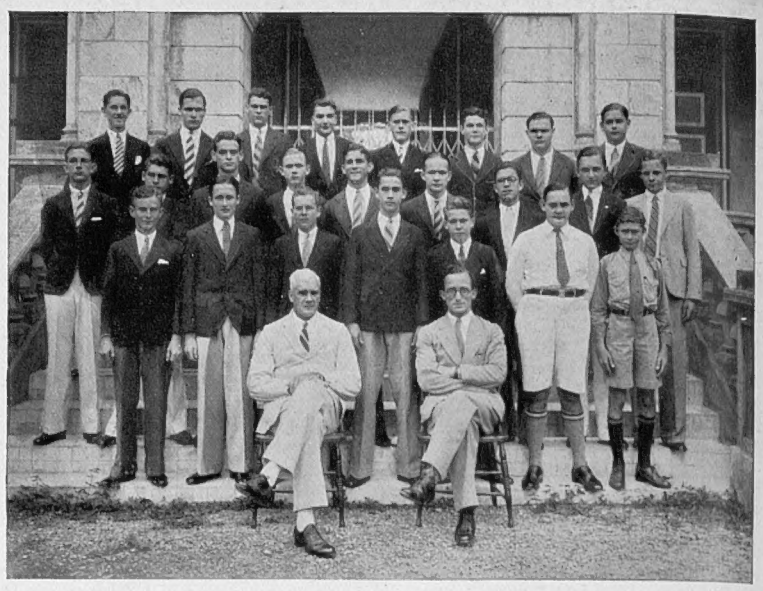


TWENTY-TWO FORMS OF TORTURE: An old engraving showing how Christian slaves were treated on the Barbary coast in the seventeenth century. This year marks the centenary of the abolition of slavery in the British Empire

The Art of William Edwards

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has just issued its fifty-seventh annual report which contains a highly interesting account of an inspection of the bridges of Monmouthshire, Glamorgan, and the southern part of Gloucestershire. A reference is made in this report to the famous bridge which William Edwards built over the River Taff at Pontypridd in 1755, and which at that time was said to be the longest and most beautiful single span structure in the world. Some years before Edwards had made two attempts to build on the same site, the first bridge being washed away by a flood, and the second being rendered useless owing to faulty construction.

The style of Edwards' masonry was distinctive, being similar to that employed in far earlier times and, according to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, he admitted that he acquired it by the careful study of the ruins of the old castle at Caerphilly. Throughout his life Edwards carried on the occupation of a farmer in addition to his bridge building. He also officiated as minister in his parish meeting-house having been ordained in 1750. His sermons, which were always in the Welsh language, were considered very effective. He died in 1789 leaving six children, one of whom built a bridge over the Usk at Newport.



TO TOUR EUROPE: Trinidad schoolboys, who are leaving Port of Spain on August 6, on a visit to England, France, and Germany

FROM A "SPHERE" READER IN SALVADOR: The little grand-daughter of Captain L. R. J. C. Dale, M.C., British Vice-Consul at Acajutla, feeding her pet deer from a bottle

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

Fortescue House School, Twickenham, which is a branch of the above Society, in the Inter-school Sports won the tug-of-war for the fourth year, and one of the boys beat the Twickenham high jump record. In the Middlesex County Sports, the school won the tug-of-war for the fourth year in succession. The same boy broke the nine years' standing high jump record with 4 ft. 11⅛ in. This boy also won a silver cup for the most outstanding performance of the day, and he will take part in the All England Sports at Blackpool. This great work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful men and women is in urgent need of funds, and all gifts, large or small, will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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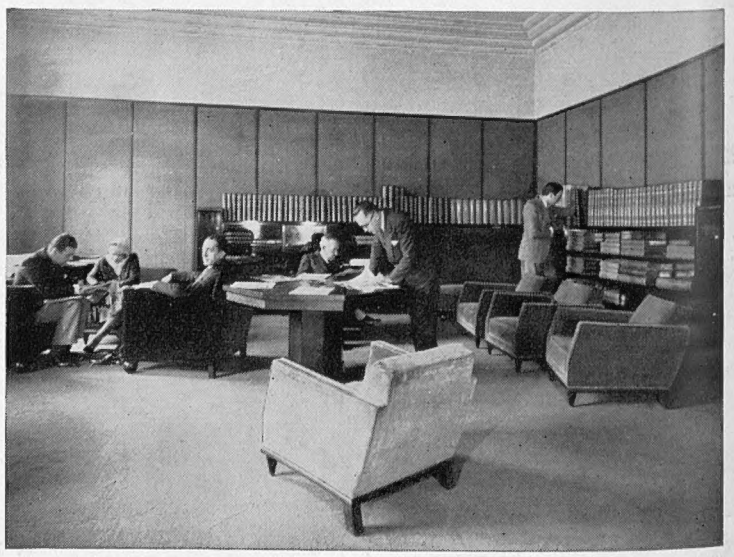

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

M., Dublin (Italy).—The best hotel on the island of Capri is the Quisisana, while a very comfortable, but less expensive, hotel is the International. On the Naples Riviera, we can recommend the Hotel Santa Caterina at Amalfi, which is a delightful little place. Amalfi faces due south, however, so that if you are making your visit during August or early September you would probably prefer Sorrento, which faces north. Here the Hotel Tramontano can be recommended.

O., Yorks (Spain).—As you require a small resort with good bathing, and pretty scenery, you would like Zarauz, which is situated on the north coast of Spain about seventeen miles west of San Sebastian. Here the Grand Hotel charges from about 16s. per day. If you wish to hire a private car to see the Pyrenees, a most attractive route would be that from San Sebastian to Jaca, Panticosa, and across the frontier to Cauterets in France and thence back to Biarritz. An alternative would be to make the journey across the Pyrenees from San Sebastian to Perpignan by the motor coach of the Routes des Pyrenees. You could then spend a night at the various beauty spots such as Cauterets, Bagnères-de-Luchon, Ax-le-Thermes, etc.

D., Lancs (France and Germany).—A small hotel in Paris is the Family Hotel, 2, rue La Perouse, which quotes very reasonable prices, and is situated in a central position near the Champs Élysées. You would not find many tourists in the Rhine Valley in October, but the main seasons at Wiesbaden are during the spring and autumn, and as this famous spa is a gay and fashionable place you will find plenty of entertainment there at that time. The Hotel Rose there is excellent. A 60 per cent. reduction on return tickets is being granted by the German railways up to the end of October, provided one stays seven days in the country.

Hints for Travellers

A REMEDY FOR TRAVEL-SICKNESS.

During the summer months, and indeed the whole year round, such is the popularity of "cruising," one is frequently asked, "What is a good remedy for travel-sickness." The answer is short but very much to the point: "Songo." This remedy will come as a boon to all those who suffer nausea and sickness when travelling in a train, boat, motor coach or aeroplane, for it ensures a pleasant journey all the way. "Songo" is supplied in tiny capsules, contained in a carton which takes up very little space in a hand-bag or pocket, and costs only 1s. 3d. Each carton contains six capsules, two of which are usually sufficient to ward off any sickness. It is, of course, absolutely harmless.

THE AUTORAIL FROM PARIS TO VICHY.

An interesting recent event was the inauguration of the Paris–Lyons–Mediterranean Railway's Bugatti autorail from Paris to Vichy, the trip being made in four hours, thus cutting one-fifth from the normal train time. The shape of the autorail resembles an elongated edition of the new streamlined motor cars, and the glassed-in front, permitting an unobstructed view of the rail from a comfortable armchair, provides a novel experience in train travel. Vichy, in addition to being a famous spa, is a very delightful place, and no trouble or expense is spared to provide entertainments and distractions for visitors to the town. The Sporting Club has one of the most picturesque golf courses in France, and round about tea-time many well-known people can usually be seen. Vichy has many excellent hotels, and visitors to the Parc Hotel, to mention but one, are certain of finding every comfort and convenience they could desire.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein (the world's most radioactive thermal Springs).—**"Der Kaiserhof."**—The hotel of distinction. Comf. service. Unriv. posn.

Gallspach.—Famous for electro-therapeutical Treatment System Zeileis. **Hotel-Pension "Sonnenhof,"** modern comfort, mod. prices.

BELGIUM.

Brussels. — Grand Hotel. — Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

Antwerp. — Grand Hotel de Londres.— Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt. Fnst.sit. Fac. sea & mst. wndfl. sands of Belgian coast 140 rms. Ex. kit. Full bd. trms. fr. Frs. 60.

Heyst-s-Mer. — Hotel de la Plage.—The leading English hotel on the sea front. 1st class. All comfs. Mod. prices. A van Isacker, Prop.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Near Tennis. Golf. Casino. Pens. fr. 75 Frs. Tels. Palace Knocke. Tel. No. 8.

Ostend.—Grand Hotel.—Fine position on sea front, next Casino. New large airy and sunny lounge. Free Garage. Moderate Terms.

Ostend.—Savoy Hotel.— Opposite Casino. First class. Moderate Terms.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Jersey.—Links Hotel.—On Royal Jersey Golf Course. American Bar. Bathing. Tennis. 11 acres gardens. A.A. Apply for terms.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad. — Hotel Königsvilla. — The leading first class hotel with all modern comfort, best situation with own beautiful park.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Bristol. — First-class. From Frs. 70 daily. Near sea. G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E. Prop.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st cl. hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Lyons.—Carlton Hotel.— The best reduced rates.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace. Opp. Casino Gdns. Beach. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, suite Frs. 75.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.— Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest). — "Brenner's Stephanie" and "Brenner's Park." —Baccara, 18-hole Golf, Swimming Pool.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—200 beds. First-class, rooms from R.M. 4.50. Situated in the Kurpark opposite Casino.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel Badischer Hof. First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue." — The well-known Family Hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large own park. Close Casino. Personal management of proprietor: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Zähringerhof.— 130 beds. Pension from R.M. 8—or with private thermal bath from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from R.M. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus.—Strictly first class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite Bath-houses. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by Englishmen. Mod. comf. Mod. prices. Ex. cuisine. A. Leuner, Prop.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from R.M. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First class Home Comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus). — Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 11.

Coblence. — Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof. — 1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pens. 9 Mks. up.—room 4 Mks. up.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof. — The leading hotel. Wonderful site facing Rhein. Garage. Rooms from R.M. 4.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all comf. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. R.M. 4, w. p. b. fr. R.M. 8. A. Grieshaber, Man.

Cologne. — Furstenhof. — Situated opposite station and Dome. Beautiful view. All comforts. Rooms from M. 3.50 up.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof. Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. R.M. 5, with bath fr. R.M. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Freiburg.—Freiburger Hof.—125 beds. Mod. Popular. Orchestra. Pens. fr. Mk. 8.50. **Hotel Salmen.**—Mod. family house. Pens. fr. Mk. 7.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch/Bavarian Alps. — Sonnenbichl Golf Hotel. — Facing the Zugspitze. First class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 R.M.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mainz.—Hotel Karpfen.—Opposite landing stage. Founded 16th century. All comforts. Moderate prices.

München.—Hotel 'Der Königshof,' Karlsplatz 25.—1st cl., nr. theatres and museums. 150 rms, 50 bths. New underground gar. in hotel.

Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof.—Leading house. 75 beds. Famous cuisine and wines.

Schlangenbad.—Kurhaus Hotel.—Greatest and most fashionable hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea Concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle.— First class. Homelike. Full pension from R.M. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.— 1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks. Thermal baths.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from R.M. 10.

ITALY.

Rome. — Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs. — Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.—The fashnble Isl. of all sports. Golf (18-hs.), polo, sailg., fishg., tenn., shootg., beach. The perfect resort for holidays.

Courmayeur (Aosta)—In the heart of the Alps.—Royal Hotel Bertolini.—100 rooms. Baths. Grdn. Orch. Tennis. Pens. fr. Lire 40.

Gardone (Lake of Garda).—Grand Hotel.— Large park. Garden on Lake Front. Tennis. Golf. Fishing. Bathing. Pension 45 Lire.

Menaggio (Lake of Como).-Victoria Hotel.- (1st cl.) Golf (18). Tenn. Bowlg. On lake shores. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. fr. 35-55 Lr. (11/6 to 17/6)

ITALY—*continued.*

Stresa.—Regina Palace.—De luxe garden on lake. Tennis. Golf. Bathing. Orchestra. Garage. Rooms from 6/-, Pension from 17/-. Swiss Man.

SWEDEN.

Saltsjöbaden (near Stockholm).—Grand Hotel.—Ldg. tourist hotel. House with every comf. for those desiring the best. Rsnble. terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Baden-les-Bains (nr. Zürich).—Grand Hotel.—First-class Cure Establishment for Arthritism. Large Park.

Basle.—Schweizerhof.—First class. Every modern comfort. Open-air Restaurant. Private auto-parking. Room from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st cl. Res. All com. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air restaur. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pens. fr. 12 Frs.

Geneva. — The Regina. — Up-to-date. On Lake Centre. Open Air Rest, overlooking lake and city. Incl. Price 15/-, with private bath 17/6.

Geneva.—Hotel de Russie.—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Geneva.—Hotel Victoria.—Facing English garden & lake. Home-like, every mod. comfort. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension from Fr. 12.

Glion.—Grand Htl. & Righi Vaudois (2270 ft.) —Ideal pos. Lge. gdn-pk. ovrlkng. L. of Geneva. Evry. cmft. 1st cl. cuisine. Incl. terms fr. Frs. 12.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Gurnigel, Bernese Oberld.—3,900 ft. a.s. Sum. & wint.—**Grand Hotel.**—1st cl. 300 bdrs. bths, diet. frsts, ten. orch. Wkly. trms. incl. £5.7.0.

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Les Avants s/Montreux (3,281 ft.).—**Hotel de Jaman-Bellevue.** — Renovated, running water, Inclus. terms from 12s. Nic. Vital, Prop.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Lucerne. — The National. — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from 8 Frs. Pens. from 18 Frs. Director: A. de Micheli.

Mont Pelerin above **Vevey.—Grand Hotel.**— 1st cl. though inexpensive. 3,000 ft. Overlkg. Lake Geneva. Nr. Lausanne, Vevey. Illus. Pros.

Montreux. — Hotel Continental. — On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-dte. Idl. hme. Chrmg. pstn. Grdn. Grge. New Rates. Cortsy. (Res. Pro. W. Deig.)

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. facing lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tenn. Lge. pk. Grge. Beach.

Mürren.—Grand Hotel and Kurhaus.— Take your "Holidays in the Alps." 3 Tennis Courts. Terms en pension 18/-.

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine, pension from Frs. 10.

Vevey.—Grand Hotel de Vevey.—Large park with direct access to lake, own beach. 2 tennis, boating. Incl. rate (pens.) with bath, £1.

Vevey. — Parkhotel Mooser. — Great comfort. Terrace overlooking lake. Pension Francs 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—"The best of the best." Tenn., Bathg., Mountaineering, Dancg. Inclus. terms from Frs. 16—Fritz Borter, Propr.

Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The 8 Seiler Hotels.**— (1,000 beds.) Pension rate from Frs. 9 and Frs. 12.50.

Zurich. — Dolder Grand Hotel. — Golf in front of hotel. 1,900 feet. Wonderful view swimming pool.

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